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VICKY: Electioneering with Mr. France

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What Are They Waiting For?

EVERY month brings fresh proof that the West has not yet understood what happened at the "summit" conference in Geneva. Beguiled by the smiles of the Soviet leaders, confused by internal changes in the U.S.S.R. and to a considerable extent trapped by their own domestic propaganda, the western statesmen deceived themselves into believing that Russia had recognised the West's "position of strength".

This view of the Geneva conference was an illusion, and Mr. Krushchev and his colleagues have shattered it. For them, "co-existence" meant every form of competition short of war—a more rather than a less active foreign policy. While the western forces have continued their siege of the Soviet positions thrown up in the cold war, and now largely evacuated, the Russians have sallied out and outflanked the western lines. At the turn of the year, the new Soviet policy has largely cancelled out the Anglo-American strategic system in the Middle East and greatly strengthened the neutralists in South-East Asia. Krushchev is not back at Stalin's old game: he has created a new one, and the West has not yet learnt the rules.

In this respect, the British government has proved just as inept and inflexible as Mr. Dulles. If Indian opinion is alienated by his blundering about Goa, so the awakening Arab world is angered by the way in which General Templer is instructed to use crude imperialist methods to bolster up the Baghdad pact. If neutrals are anxious to see China admitted to the United Nations, they note that it is British acquiescence as well as American obstinacy that maintains the fiction that Formosa is a great power. The catalogue could easily be extended, and each example would show that the West is still clinging to policies and concepts that often made little sense before the Geneva conference and that, in the face of the new Soviet challenge, have now become dangerously irresponsible.

Here, in Britain, the Labour Party still seems to be limping lamely along the routes charted in the cold war. Yet the time for bi-partisan policies has passed; for the first time since the optimism of 1945 faded in cold war, it seems practical politics to talk of a Socialist foreign policy. For the effective response to Soviet "competition" can come only from the left. There can be no response that does not accept social change and meet on terms of friendship and equality the new nations of Asia and Africa. The more the West seeks to defend itself by the methods of the cold war, the more these will regard it as a mere holy alliance, propping up the faded glories of white imperialism by repression, intrigue and a far-flung girdle of atomic bases. It will take time for the new leadership to make a complete reassessment of Labour's foreign policy, but there are three urgent matters on which it could at once make a start.

The first is the crisis in the Middle East, where—as Mr. Robens recently conceded—no new arrangement can be made that does not recognise Soviet influence in this area. That, in turn, will involve making some concession to the Soviet point of view. So Labour must now define its alternative to the disintegrating strategy of the "northern tier." The second is the urgent need to replace Formosa with Peking at the U.N.—a question on which the government could no longer resist a determined Labour attack. And the third is the government's decision to go on with tests of nuclear weapons. Whatever the merits of the original decision to make H-bombs in this country, the reasons for all countries to stop testing them now seem overwhelming, and Labour should demand that Britain follows up the tentative Russian offer to ban further tests before a new round of explosions takes place in the spring.

These three cases present the West with good opportunities to convince the uncommitted nations of Asia that it really has abandoned the formulas of the cold war. All three demand immediate action. Yet Sir Anthony, as usual, hesitates. What is the Labour Party waiting for?

Comments on the Week's News

Progress at the U.N.

The 1955 session of the U.N. ended on a note of exhausted triumph. Thanks to a last-minute compromise, for which it is believed Mr. Krushchev is personally responsible, 16 new members have been admitted, thus ending a seven-year deadlock; and Japan and Outer Mongolia will, it is expected, be added next year. The western "colonialist" majority had already been overthrown in September on the Algerian vote; and although the Arab-Asian bloc, on the initiative of Mr. Krishna Menon, wisely contented themselves with a moral victory, it is clear that the political balance of the Assembly has undergone a permanent change. The big powers will increasingly have to bargain for votes in the future—especially now there are 76 members. The struggle over Turkey's successor to the Security Council also broke fresh ground. As we suggested earlier, the deadlock had eventually to be settled by a compromise, based on the assumption that the Council will be enlarged in the next session; and this will inevitably strengthen the case for permanent Indian membership. The way has also been cleared for a settlement of the vexatious issue of Nationalist China; the veto on Outer Mongolia, which jeopardised the entire "package deal," makes it very likely that Formosa will be removed from the Security Council this year and not, as had been planned, after the American elections. From all these disputes America has emerged with badly shaken prestige: her obstinacy over the Philippines, her "betrayal" of Japan, and her failure to curb Formosa have brought her considerable criticism—not least from her western allies. But the decline in American authority—for which Mr. Cabot Lodge must bear some personal responsibility—is itself a corollary of the growing independence of the U.N., and its increasing effectiveness as a forum of world opinion.

Mr. Dulles Under Fire

There is mounting criticism of the way that Mr. Dulles is handling U.S. foreign policies. Not many politicians are as direct as Representative Powell of New York, who recently wrote to President Eisenhower bluntly asking him to remove the Secretary of State, but the mutterings in the corridors are not all coming from Democrats. The "Young Turks" within the Republican Party—vigorously led by Harold Stassen and Nelson Rockefeller—are privately dismayed by what they claim is vacillation on the part of Mr. Dulles. The latter's claim that "the cold war is on again" underlines the oversimplified view of foreign relations taken by the State Department. The critics argue that while the Geneva conference ruled out nuclear warfare, it opened the way to "competitive" struggles for political and economic objectives. In these, they say, Mr. Dulles has been outmanœuvred by the Soviet Union. While the Russian leaders were junketing in India, Mr. Dulles unwittingly identified himself with Portuguese colonialism. In the Middle East, Mr. Dulles has alternately rebuked the Russians for arranging an arms deal and then hinted that America could offer the Arabs a better deal of the same kind. In the face of a Russian economic offensive, the Administration has proved divided and uncertain about the scope of U.S. foreign aid. These inconsistencies, it is said, show that Mr. Dulles lacks imagination and flexibility. The liberal New York *Post* put it sharply. "Much national frustration," it wrote, "stems from the Administration's reluctance or inability to realise that the challenge of the new era requires more than new H-bombs and old clichés."

The West Irian Dispute

The Dutch-Indonesian ministerial conference, which began at The Hague on December 10, has now been transferred to Geneva. Two events have occurred to strengthen the Indonesian position. The Nandatul Ulama, Indonesia's third largest party, has had second thoughts and is taking part in the discussions, so that the Djakarta delegation now speaks for the great majority of the electorate. Secondly, the passing of the draft resolution by the U.N. shows that the Dutch no longer hope to persuade the powers to treat the problem of West Irian (western New Guinea) as a "colonial question." The big powers in New York have now begun to appreciate the fact that this issue may become, as one Indonesian delegate put it, "a domestic H-Bomb," and that it is unwise to allow it to strengthen the extremists in Indonesia and to poison the relations between Indonesia and Holland. The joint declaration after The Hague talks stated that the two governments had decided to discuss "specific problems concerning West Irian, with the proviso that each party maintains its standpoint as regards the sovereignty of the area." However, on December 16, the two delegations agreed to widen their terms of reference and discuss the question of sovereignty. The Indonesians now hope that the conference, which is due to end in mid-January, will publish a final communiqué declaring West Irian "disputed territory." This would be a considerable concession on the part of the Dutch and might open the way to a final settlement.

The Gold Coast Constitution

The recommendations of Sir Frederick Bourne on the constitutional development of the Gold Coast are sensible and shrewd. The National Liberation Movement refused officially to meet Sir Frederick, but it is obvious that he has grasped the main content of their published complaints. Although by no means accepting these fully, his recommendations go far towards meeting their main points. Whilst proposing that the supreme legislative power should be retained at the centre, Sir Frederick recommends that regional assemblies should be set up wherever the majority of district councils desire them. These regional assemblies would be indirectly elected and have powers of co-option. They would deal with matters like agriculture, education, health services, housing and communications. Most important of all, they would be represented on the public boards and would have powers over appointments from their regions. The recommendations, therefore, would have the effect of maintaining the unitary system of government supported by Dr. Nkrumah and the C.P.P., whilst suggesting considerable regional devolution as demanded by the N.L.M. They should provide the basis for negotiations between the two, provided that this constitutional issue is in fact the genuine matter of dispute. Certainly, Sir Frederick's proposals will force the N.L.M. to show clearly whether or not it desires a constitutional agreement or whether it has been using this particular discontent for political expediency.

On the Wages Front

The old year is ending with the pattern fairly well set for the latest round of wage advances. The agricultural minimum is to go up by 8s. to £6 15s. a week, as against the £7 asked for by the Agricultural Workers' Union. The distributive workers have negotiated agreements for both private and co-operative trade, including managerial grades as well as assistants, and providing for the payment of full adult rates at a rather earlier age. Busmen and local government officers are other groups which have already negotiated for advances; and in general what seems to be emerging is a rise of 10s. or 11s. a week, or roughly 7 per cent., for the main grades. This is near to the 7½ per cent. claimed by the Transport Salaried Staffs Association, but well below the 10 per cent. rise demanded by the N.U.R. The mineworkers, since the budget, have raised their main claim from 15s. to £1; but they are also putting forward a number of other demands included in the "miners' charter." The two general workers' unions, which have hitherto been held back by their cautious leaders, have both announced since the budget that they will insist on maintaining their members' real wages in face of actual and prospective rises in living costs. Meanwhile, the British Employers' Confederation has retorted with a demand that a halt be called to further increases; and there are evident signs of stronger resistance from industries affected by the credit squeeze. This can hardly be taken as meaning that the claims at present pending from engineers, builders, dockers, and other groups, besides the miners and the railwaymen, will be turned down. What is more likely is that a bigger resistance will be put up against the next round of demands some time in the coming year. Over the past year average wages and prices have both gone up by about 6 per cent., and total output at most by the same amount, with a slightly larger labour force at work. Dividends have, of course, been rising a great deal faster.

The British Council Comes of Age

Twenty-one years ago the British Council was founded as a shop-window for our language and culture, mainly in countries where the Fascist powers were putting on a glittering display to capture local interest and enthusiasm. Today the Council is still—in its libraries and lectures, its film-shows and art exhibitions—doing shop-window business as briskly as its budget allows. But the 21st anniversary report, with its entertaining retrospect by Sir Harold Nicolson, shows how enormously the Council has developed the other, or agency, side of its work. It is invited by foreign associations to send them British experts to lecture or demonstrate on subjects they want to hear about—from malaria-control and blood-transfusion to English sculpture and ballet—and to arrange that foreign specialists, when they come over here, shall meet people in their own line. It is asked, by our own government, to handle certain jobs: since 1950, the welfare of colonial students; recently, the exchanges of visits between British and Russian scientists, engineers and administrators. Work like this is good and useful by any humane standard: critics who reach for a sneer every time they hear the words British Council never seem to ask themselves if they would rather not have these things done. Indeed, in an era of "peaceful competition," the Council's rôle may well become increasingly important in some vital areas.

"Into Whose Hands . . ."

Lady Chatterley's Lover has never yet engaged the attention of a judge and jury; but it is only a year since a magistrate described the expurgated edition (which Lawrence had authorised) as miserable rubbish, fined a man for selling it and had it burned. Last week the unexpurgated edition came before Sir Laurence Dunne, the chief magistrate at Bow Street, because Mr. George Vinn, an Old Compton Street bookseller, had sold it for ten shillings to a policeman acting as *agent provocateur*. Mr. Vinn could not, of course, deny that he had sold *Lady Chatterley* to the policeman. But in pleading guilty he was saying more than this: he was saying, in effect, "Yes, I did sell an obscene libel, knowing that it might corrupt those into whose hands it might fall," which begs the very question that the prosecution should be required to prove up to the hilt; and the chief magistrate astonished everybody by giving him two months' imprisonment, plus another month if he fails to pay the costs of the prosecution. Naturally enough, Mr. Vinn has given notice of appeal against this sentence; and whatever his own status as a bookseller, his appeal, which will come before the County of London Sessions Appeals Committee next month, is in effect the appeal of the whole publishing, bookselling, and literary community against the use of the criminal law as a rigid frame for the work of the artist. Censorship is creeping on. Recent prosecutions have made printers as well as publishers much more chary of "controversial" words and ideas.

Dropping a Pilot

For more than twenty years Gramophone Notes have been appearing in this journal, and for most of that time they have been contributed by Edward Sackville West. This issue, alas, carries the last of his series. There are instances of readers who do not even own a gramophone, yet have become enthusiastic addicts of his column for the sake of its personal flavour, its blend of learning and wit, its evocative and often surprising turn of phrase; while to serious record-collectors all over the world his work has been invaluable. We at Great Turnstile keenly regret his decision that it is now time to call a halt; but it is easy to understand his predicament. One reason why he did the job so well was that he is primarily a creative writer, with many interests outside the sphere of music, whether live or recorded; and he has found that the demands of record-reviewing were consuming more and more of his time and distracting him from other intellectual pursuits. The constantly expanding gramophone universe of 1955 is a very different place from the cosy little world (as it now seems) of 1935; and it has become increasingly difficult for a reviewer to cover the output, as the gentle stream of 78 r.p.m. discs has gradually swollen into the mighty LP Mississippi of today. However, we refuse to sink beneath the flood, and have engaged an energetic new river-pilot in Peter Heyworth, known to readers of the *Observer* as one of the ablest of the younger generation of music critics. To our old pilot we send a farewell—and no doubt badly distorted—blast on the office hooter.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Jerusalem

Both Sides of the Frontier

Kingsley Martin writes from Israel: On Christmas Eve, a boat on the Sea of Galilee took me to within a mile or so of the site where the Israelis recently killed 50 Syrians and lost six of their own men. This incident illustrates on an unusually large scale what happens from time to time all round the Israeli frontier. At this point the Syrian frontier comes close to the shore and, since the fish congregate where the Jordan flows into the sea, the best fishing is very near the frontier. The Israelis have offered to licence Syrian fishermen but, as the foreign minister has shown by a quotation from Damascus radio, Syria denies Israel's right to any frontier. The Syrians habitually fire on Israeli fishing boats and, when the Israelis recently saw that the Syrians were moving up heavier guns, they attacked. I had not met anyone in Israel who condemned this attack. But the common opinion was expressed to me by a well-known soldier who said: "Too many died on both sides; but if you start a battle you can't tell where it will end."

It is generally understood that Ben-Gurion knew that this action would take place but that he was perturbed by its extent. Certainly it has seriously hampered Mr. Sharrett in the U.S. The Israelis still expect to receive some of the arms they have requested from Washington; and they emphasise that it is the type and quality of the arms which is important, rather than their quantity. They believe that Colonel Nasser will not attack unless he has overwhelming superiority and they argue that, if the second round is again postponed, Arabs may gradually learn to accept the existence of Israel and even discover that Israeli science and enterprise are useful to them. Meanwhile the decision about arms deliveries from the U.S. is delayed owing to the U.N. deliberations on the Syrian incident.

It seems clear here that there has been a sharp change in Washington's view of what Israeli policy should be. The Americans have in the past urged a "functional" approach to the Arabs, arguing that such projects as the Johnston scheme for the Jordan waters could be explained to the Arabs, who would gradually become reconciled to Israel by the obvious advantages of such collaboration. The State Department appears now to feel that there is not time for this approach. The result is that Mr. Sharrett has summarised the constructive proposals which the Israelis have made in recent years and put them forward formally as the seven points of a peace settlement. The Israelis do not regard these points as "concessions." They have always been willing, for instance, for the Jordanians to use the harbour at Haifa and for traffic to cross the Negev between Jordan and Egypt—provided that the Arabs would call off the economic blockade. These are the necessary conditions of living together. But the Israelis stand firm when suggestions are made that they should concede territory which the Arabs desire, they believe, only as a first step to disintegrating Israel. They see themselves in the position of Czechoslovakia in the Thirties, with Sir Anthony Eden shaping up for the role of Runciman.

I visited old Jerusalem (on the Jordan side of the frontier) the day after the riots which followed General Templer's visit to Amman and were aimed at stopping Jordan from joining the Baghdad pact. All was very quiet when I got to the Mandelbaum Gate; and one of the most noticeable features was a new cleanliness which has recently been imposed in the bazaars by the Arab municipality. Everything was spotless and orderly. The only sign of the trouble the day before was the damage done to the Turkish and French Embassies. This was hard on the French who have been vehemently opposed to the Baghdad Pact. Yet the mob seems to have had some politically informed leadership. I was told that the demonstration was financed by Saudi Arabia. It discriminated in favour of the British Embassy. I collected opinions on why this should be and was told that probably the leaders of the demonstration feared the anger of Glubb Pasha and that apart from anything else they believe after Sir Anthony Eden's Guildhall speech that Britain may after all turn out to be on the Arab side against Israel.

Paris

And After?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: During the last week of the campaign, the party leaders have returned from their own constituencies to make major policy statements in the big cities. Local issues have accordingly tended to drop into the background, and the electors have been squarely presented with the national problems which will face the new assembly. To the surprise of many observers, the most important issue has proved to be Algeria. Last Monday, at Marseilles, M. Mendès-France fired the first broadside: if he formed the next government, he said, Algeria would have absolute priority, and he himself would go to Algiers and remain there until a solution had been reached. The same evening, in Paris, M. Faure replied: Algeria, he said, must be given a new constitutional charter. The election has, therefore, achieved one result: implicitly, both the major groups have abandoned the fiction of Algerian "integration" with France; and whatever the results of the voting, it is clear that France is moving towards major political concessions in Algeria. Moreover, the concentration of the campaign on this issue has served to impress on the French public—perhaps for the first time—the seriousness of the situation in North Africa.

But how to form a government capable of applying such a solution? Here, indeed, is the problem. A careful analysis of the situation on the eve of the poll suggests that neither of the two main blocs will win an absolute majority in the assembly; and when M. Pierre Cot, the leader of the neo-Communist Progressistes, asked M. Mendès-France at Lyons with whom he would form a government if he failed to get such a majority, he stated the dilemma in its simplest terms. If the Republican Front does as well as its supporters hope, it will win between 200 and 220 seats; but to get the majority necessary for investiture, M. Mendès-France will either have to appeal to the C.P.—which he has already refused even to contemplate—or try to win votes from the right. The same difficulties will inevitably face M. Faure and his allies. The old right-centre majority no longer exists. One of the most important consequences of the campaign has been the political evolution of the Radical Party. Before the war, the Radicals were always a party of the centre-left; since 1944, they have voted systematically with the right, and at all the decisive moments in the history of the Fourth Republic they have played a reactionary role. Their leaders, indeed, have provided the backbone of every right-wing cabinet since 1946. Now, by seizing control of the party machinery, by purging its ranks of men like René Mayer and Martinaud-Déplat, and by forming a close electoral alliance with the Socialists, Mendès-France has effectively restored to the party its pre-war role.

Moscow

Little Latin and Less Greek

Alexander Werth writes: Will there be a revival of Greek and Latin studies in Russia? Today, few Russians can read these languages for, immediately after the revolution, Greek and Latin were ruthlessly cut out of all school curricula. There were so many "other things to do"; and there was, moreover, a violent prejudice among the Soviet leaders against Latin and Greek which, in the Tsarist days, used to be rammed down the throats of boys in secondary schools, while science, economics and other "dangerous" subjects were neglected. After nearly forty years of "reform," there are only three universities—Moscow, Leningrad and Lwow—with a Department of Classical Philology; and the number of students admitted is "between five and ten." Which means that there are, in practice, only about 20 people in the whole Soviet Union actually learning the classics—or one in ten million of the population!

It is now beginning to be recognised that this ignorance of Latin and Greek has become a drawback in many fields. Mr. Deratani and Mr. Nakhov, two of the surviving classical scholars, make a good case, in the *Literary Gazette* of November 10, in favour of what they call "a forgotten science." They point out that knowledge of the classics is desirable in any serious study of "world culture," and "western culture" in particular, and altogether essential in such subjects as comparative philology—which are, nevertheless, taught in Russia today without the teacher having received a classical education.

The present-day ignorance of even the rudiments of Latin and Greek, they say, is such that in a recent translation of Edgar Allen Poe's *Golden Bug* the phrase *scarabaeus caput hominis* was translated: "The beetle is the death of man"—*caput* being identified with *Kaput!*, the cry with which German soldiers used to surrender. Similarly, at the recent exhibition in Moscow of the paintings of the Dresden Gallery, Van Dyck's *Drunken Silenus* had to be given a different title; since most people in Russia had never heard of Silenus, they would have thought that Silèn (*i.e.* Silenus) merely meant the same as the Russian word *silen, i.e.* "the strong man": Van Dyck's Silenus would thus have been mistaken for a drunken boxer or weight-lifter!

The defenders of the "forgotten science" are not suggesting that Latin and Greek should again be taught in Russian secondary schools. But they say that the shortage of classical scholars is beginning to be felt in many fields. It hampers, for instance, the archæological work done in the Ukraine, on the site of ancient Greek colonies, and hinders research into the Latin texts of Catholic origin found in the archives of cities like Riga and Vilna. And, finally, there is a genuine demand for translations from the classics—and who is to do these translations if nobody knows any Latin and Greek? Two years ago, Moscow solemnly celebrated the 2500th anniversary of Aristophanes by the publication of his plays in two volumes: 25,000 copies of the translation were sold out in two days. Similarly, a recent translation of Homer was sold out in a day. There is, therefore, a keen interest in the classics, but Soviet publishing houses still have what the two authors, Deratani and Nakhov, call "inhibitions" where Greek and Latin authors are concerned. Good translations of Propertius and Tibullus, and even of Sophocles's *Electra* though "accepted in principle" for publication, have been gathering dust in the folders of two Soviet publishing houses for years.

Washington

Mid-winter Frolics

An American Correspondent writes: There are more public holidays in the winter than the summer on this side of the Atlantic, and this is the season when all the forces of salesmanship are let loose to keep up spirits and prepare for a next year even bigger and better than the last. Christmas is the pretext for most of this hectic high spirits in the early part of the winter. The winter's festivities begin with Hallow-e'en parades in October, work up pace with America's favourite holiday, Thanksgiving Day, and move on to Christmas and New Year.

Business uses loudspeakers to celebrate these events, and none speaks louder than the motor industry. With the fanfare of a great national event each maker announces, describes, and finally displays his new models. This year the emphasis has been on safety—to counteract the speeds and powers developed in earlier years. Now the television companies are beginning to follow this remarkable example of the seasonal sales-drive, trying to persuade the public that sets without colour or remote control should now be written off as obsolete.

Even in politics the arrival of winter brings on a special kind of fever. Except in dire emergency, Congress adjourns in late summer and does not reconvene until the beginning of January. But in the months before Christmas the burrowings of the committees and sub-committees draw a regular attendance of newspaper men. This year they have produced headlines on everything from the monopoly power of General Motors to the slum conditions in the South.

To the politician this is also the season for preparing the next budget. Although it does not come into effect until the end of June, at least nine months are needed to work out the Administration's proposals, and then to tailor them to the limits set by Congress. This year the process of tailoring promises to be a particularly gory one. Secretary Humphrey, true to the cautious principles of a banker, is at last within striking distance of his 1952 objective of a balanced budget; and he is determined to achieve it. But meanwhile there is a fabulously expensive road programme on the President's list of "musts"; a national convention, recently held in Washington, has shown that the shortage of schools and school teachers has reached the proportions of a national crisis; and in foreign affairs there is general agreement that American policies have suffered some ugly jolts in the last six months, and that the cure, whatever it may be, will certainly cost a lot of money.

But the most troublesome of all the problems for the politician is one that seems to get more insoluble with every harvest. It springs from the very success of the Americans in inventing ever better production methods and ever bigger machines. In spite of the acreage quotas and a $7,000-million government stockpile of surplus farm produce, the farmers obstinately go on producing more from each acre. As a result, they are making less money at a time when everyone else is making more. In a country where practically every congressman has a powerful farm bloc to reckon with, this is political dynamite. There is, therefore, talk of setting up a land bank through which the Government would rent land to take it out of cultivation and pay farmers not to farm; or of dumping the surplus in the Antarctic ready for some future emergency. Out of respect for the memory of the depression, no one has suggested using the grain as fuel; but experiments have been made in using it as a building material.

The End of Mr. Butler's Miracle

Mr. Butler has bequeathed his successor an awkward legacy. He quit the Treasury at a moment when his stock had fallen sharply from the high peak at which it stood earlier in the year. Then, the Tories were able to win an election because "Conservative freedom" seemed to work. Now, the autumn budget is evidence that it doesn't—or rather that it works somewhat differently from what the electorate thought last May.

The fact is Mr. Butler's "miracle" was worked more by good luck than by deliberate policy. He was confronted on taking office in 1951 not with the grave economic disaster which the Labour cabinet feared, but with a temporary balance of payments setback which cured itself automatically once the immediate crisis had passed. A sharp increase in interest rates was enough to stop the drain on the gold reserves, and no further devaluation was needed. World prices began to turn in favour of Britain; the rearmament programme was pared down, releasing productive capacity for export; and, with a Conservative chancellor in office, confidence in the pound was rapidly restored. Manufacturing output began to rise (it is now one-fifth higher than the peak level reached under Labour) and "brimful" employment became the rule; all during 1953 and 1954 the balance of payments steadily improved. Most remarkably, when there was a temporary setback in the U.S., and when the falling prices of primary products cut the incomes of some of Britain's suppliers (and customers), British exports continued to expand.

In these conditions, by 1954 Britain was able to save about £400m. a year (in 1948 prices) on the import bill. It was this saving that enabled the Tory government to abolish rationing, scrap most of the direct controls on the economy, and permit production to expand. Altogether, Mr. Butler was able to count on additional resources to the tune of £1,000m. (1948 prices) which he could use to increase consumption, investment or government expenditure. It is this "windfall" increase in resources (and the relaxation which followed) that explains why the government's popularity increased although in fact the distribution of income was all the time becoming more unequal.

The prices paid by the working-class rose sharply in this period—food takes a large part of the working-class budget—but the better-off benefited from tax concessions, especially from relaxed regulations about expenses, and from the bonanza of dividends and capital gains which followed the end of dividend limitation. The tax-free capital profits became an important part of the inflationary pressure, and a large part of those that were cashed were spent on goods which diverted resources from export.

None of this seemed to embarrass the Tory government: if the rich were getting more than their share, at least there was something for everybody. There were no more irksome controls, there was no unemployment, the houses were going up and how many voters would really care if social consumption—such things as schools, hospitals and community centres—was being

relatively neglected? So long as the Tories could maintain expansion and refrain from savage attacks on the welfare state, Labour, as the 1955 election showed, could not hope to compete with them. It could hope for power only after an election fought in the middle of a crisis; and since the Conservative Party does not time its elections so clumsily, such a chance seemed a long way off. If the electorate wanted consolidation, it could apparently get that—and the "enterprise state" as well—from the Conservatives. By 1955, only a steady nerve was needed for the Tories to persuade the public that the Labour leadership was a cabal of restrictionist fuddy-duddies.

Then, after the election, the picture suddenly changed. There was a shift in government policy, not so much towards traditional Conservative opportunism, as towards another unexpected dose of the *laissez-faire* dogma to which Labour chancellors had also succumbed in the past. What explains this change? The increase in consumption after 1952 was one of the most rapid in our economic history, totalling over £600m. at 1948 prices. But fixed capital formation in manufacturing industry lagged badly behind. In 1954, despite the increase in the national income, it was £20m. lower than it was in 1951. What increase there was in fixed capital investment went to the public utilities, to house-building and the purchase of goods vehicles.

Here lay the flaw in the Butler miracle. Even when industrial investment was at its highest, in 1951, it was not high enough to maintain Britain's competitive position. Every year, the United States invests several times more per worker than does Britain; Germany, too, has recently had a much higher investment rate—nearly 30 per cent. of the national income as against 16 per cent. in Tory Britain.

There is a serious threat here to Britain's economic future. If the terms of trade worsen for this country, or if export markets are lost, we shall immediately feel the strain on our balance of payments. Yet Mr. Butler's dogmatic liberalisation of trade, his abolition of controls over a large range of imports, has left the country without many effective defences. To get over any adverse turn in our foreign accounts, the government has to fall back upon monetary policy: if the devaluation of sterling is to be ruled out, the only available remedy is the old-fashioned deflation by dear money and a credit squeeze. These monetary weapons, however, are effective only when carried to the point where they reduce investment as well as consumption, and at the moment a selective increase in investment is needed if Britain is to compete without cutting living standards at home.

More than a year ago, in the autumn of 1954, Mr. Butler became aware of this dilemma. At that time, he placed his hopes on a voluntary increase in saving and investment, sufficient to expand industry and, by reducing current demand, damp down inflation. For a few months, things ran in his favour and then his luck ran out. It is true that investment increased substantially. But it could produce no immediate bonus of higher exports, while the heavy demand for coal and steel caused a sharp rise in imports. Moreover, personal savings were falling, and, thanks in part to easier instalment buying, consumption (and therefore imports) was rising fast. Another balance of payments crisis was in the making.

Mr. Butler's answer was a sharp double increase in the bank rate. This failed to do the trick, partly because business and the City were convinced (and the April tax-reliefs encouraged this conviction) that he would let the boom continue, partly because many projects were profitable even when dearer money financed them. The Chancellor had to intervene again; he increased pressure by ordering the banks to make a direct restriction of credit, and thereby undermined one of the main pillars of his earlier success. Unfortunately, the autumn budget was too close to its predecessor to conceal the shift of emphasis. Half of the money given away in the spring of 1955 (£150m. a year) in direct tax concessions, was collected last autumn by increasing consumption taxes, which fall most heavily on the working-class. The cut in the housing subsidies has had the same effect. Both measures are aimed at reducing the share of the national income going to wage-earners and social dependents, and thus relieving inflationary pressure at the expense of the workers' living standards. The government has taken yet another step towards the "realism" of free markets.

Such policies, however, are not likely to be popular electorally, though they may be applauded by the small and unrepresentative group which speaks through the *Economist* to its allies in the Treasury. And politicians as experienced and smooth as Sir Anthony and Mr. Butler should have thought twice about alienating electors so recently won by their party, and about undermining the new-found "confidence" in the pound—Mr. Butler's main achievement. What could explain this strange shift of policy?

I believe that it can be explained quite simply. For some time, liberal economists have been putting about the idea that the pound should be "cut adrift." Though they have seen that there are perplexing contradictions in an economy which is trying to maintain full employment and market freedom at the same time, they have plumped for a "floating pound"—a doctrinaire remedy that takes no account of economic as well as political objections. How, for instance, would these economists deal with speculative attacks on the pound, such as those which anticipate devaluation or steady depreciation? Since internal prices would rise if the pound were "floating," the inflationary pressure at home would increase. How would they reduce that pressure? And do they not realise that, while a cheaper pound might mean more exports, it would also mean more expensive imports, and that our adverse balance of trade would worsen? Such arguments carried little weight with the high Treasury officials who, at a meeting in Paris last summer, openly discussed their desire to abandon rigid currency parities: in a few days Mr. Butler found he had lost his greatest asset—the confidence of the foreign bankers—and the autumn budget had become inevitable.

In fact, the more closely one looks at the government's economic policy over the last year, the more it can be explained only by the doctrinaire belief in *laissez-faire* of some influential people in the civil service and the City. This faith in the pre-Keynesian virtues helps recreate the reassuring environment in which eminent administrators can flit from one department to another, all the time becoming more eminent and further from the real problems they have to face. It is a world in which the supremacy of the establishment and supply divisions of the Treasury is unchallengeable. Administrative art, as against the practical knowledge needed for policy-making, comes once more into its own. The Latin scholar, the Greek poet, can once more score over the economic technician, though when the economic technician himself holds extreme *laissez-faire* views there is not much to choose between them. Here, then, is the explanation of much of our discomfiture. What is interesting to observe is that the civil service has been able to bamboozle the Tories as easily as it bamboozled Labour. Tory policy in the last six months has been the Simon-pure liberalism of any chancellor before Lloyd George.

Things are not helped by the obstinacy with which the City, and especially the Bank of England, pursues the mirage of financial prestige. Everyone has now forgotten the terrible cost of Winston Churchill's attempt, in 1925, "to make the pound look the dollar in the face." The interests of British industry—even the cohesion of the Commonwealth—are now being sacrificed again for the sake of financial orthodoxy. Britain, today, is a large net debtor internationally; and when Mr. Butler uses high interest rates to attract foreign funds and to prevent over-expansion, he worsens rather than improves our balance of payments. And when trade is liberalised (another piece of dogmatic orthodoxy), our terms of trade are affected adversely because our markets are opened to dollar competition. It was a turn of this kind that produced the 1955 crisis. The "realistic" economists do not realise that tight money slows down economic progress and investment, and that Britain will lose more in a decade than could possibly be gained from the supposedly better use of resources secured by freer trade and financial orthodoxy. In the "inflationary" period after the war, the British economy was expanding at an annual rate 1½ per cent. higher than before the war.

Convertibility, or any close approach to it, means the end of both the dream of empire and the hope of Socialist planning between countries. For once the pound is permitted to float downwards, even if very gently, its depreciation must threaten the existence of a "protected" system which is based upon the holding by other members of the Commonwealth of a large (and depreciating) currency reserve in sterling; and there can be no planning or discriminating preference in European trade, designed to create markets large enough to secure the economies of mass-production.

Since the government seems to have fallen into the pit dug for it by men who would have been at home in the Treasury or the City in Mr. Gladstone's day, it might seem that Labour has to do nothing save to wait for the pendulum to swing back, bringing with it the voters who are the victims of this policy. This is wrong, and for at least two reasons. In the first place—though the ship has lost its rudder it might still drift into a favourable current—there is a slim chance that once again the government may escape from its self-imposed ordeal. It may stop the slide towards inequality before it causes visible hardship, and it may draw back before the political consequences of decontrolling rents. If the terms of trade continue to improve (exports remaining firm, import prices dropping), and if foreign competition becomes less pressing, possibly because of wage increases abroad, then the "miracle" of 1952-3 may be repeated. If only stocks and unproductive investment are reduced by making money dear and scarce, and if productive investment remains at a high level, Britain's technical progress might continue while the balance of payments is eased. While such a favourable turn of events no longer looks likely, it is not impossible.

In the second place, and this is more important, without a coherent economic policy, and without short-term tactics worked out in detail, Labour would hardly be able to enjoy an electoral victory, even if it could win one. "Confidence," already shaky, would vanish, and the foreign exchange crisis—once more unprepared for—would destroy the basis of the Labour government. Fortunately, this is a good time for the movement to find unity in the search for new answers to this old question.

T. Balogh

Hunting the Hydra

RETURNING to London after an absence of five years, I have been taking an inquiring look at British politics; and I find that I have arrived at an exceptionally interesting moment. Nineteen hundred and fifty-five may, I suspect, prove a crucial date, marking the first stirrings of a revolt against the mould of co-existence which has settled inexorably over our political life since 1949. For the past seven or eight years we have been living in the political vacuum created by the welfare state. The Labour Party became spiritually exhausted immediately it had achieved its election aims. The rapid rise in defence expenditure narrowed the area of choice in economic policy and consequently the area of disagreement. Tory conversion to welfare democracy completed the process. Inescapable bi-partisanship abroad, Butskellism at home—there was nothing left for the two monoliths to argue about. They were therefore free to concentrate on bringing their followers to heel and on driving the heterodox from public life. Their task was made easier by the astonishing homogeneity of British public opinion, of which uniform swings in constituencies provided statistical proof. British politics entered the age of the cube rule.

But party machines have been growing in power for nearly a century. Where precisely does the new peril lie? The answer is simple. Bi-partisanship means that more and more business is taken off the floor of the House and into the private sitting rooms. A handful of trade union leaders and Old Etonians settle major issues of policy behind closed doors, mapping out not only the areas of agreement, but also the narrow regions of discord in which the antics of party politics can safely be performed. And the sullen ranks of party zombies, under the watchful eyes of the Whips, obediently shuffle in and out of the lobbies. But power, alas, still corrupts; and in democracies corruption takes the form of a growing unawareness of the evolution of public opinion. The breach between those who ride the party tandem and the great mass of British men and women has been yawning alarmingly in the last few years; but it has, until recently, passed unnoticed. Why? Because it has been concealed by the triumphant success of Butskellism. The men in power have been able to proclaim that everybody is better fed, better clothed and better housed than ever before. And they are, of course, right. What they have not realised is that the attention of people is moving away from these things, that public consciousness is ceasing to be primarily concerned with the economics of everyday life and is passing into the unchartered realms of social, legal and moral issues. What is under scrutiny now is not nationalisation or private enterprise, not *laissez-faire* or the welfare state, but the very fabric of our society. The complex framework of laws, customs and traditions which constitute, for want of a better word, the British "way of life," is under increasing pressure. Ordinary people, products of mass-prosperity, mass-education and mass-communications, are beginning to resent the restraints of a social mould which is the work of an earlier age. And its guardians, preoccupied with "the public interest," are unaware that they no longer know what *is* in the public interest.

For how could they possibly be aware of it? Who are these disinterested and solemn men who ride the party tandem and control the *mores* of public life? Looking at them, I am reminded of one of those terrifying crowd scenes by Hieronymus Bosch: a swaying group of individuals, each with his own distinctive warts and pustules, snout and beak, but united together in a common purpose—a hydra with many heads. There is the grey, sagging figure of Major Lloyd-George, with his satellite halo of Home Office K.C.B.s. There is the Eden-Macmillan Siamese twin (the heads snap at each other, but only in private). There is the Butskell hermaphrodite, not only still alive and kicking, but with a brood of precocious children. There are those uneasy pillars of Church and State, Dr. Fisher and Sir William Haley, holding aloft a banner labelled "propriety." There are other objects in the scene—the tears of Mr. Griffiths, the clichés of the *Economist*, the pearl cuff-links of Sir David Eccles—whilst, lurking in the background, are those ultimate horrors, the dark Tudor figure of Lord Salisbury and the composite T.U.C. monster. Finally, since every hydra must have its familiar spirit, and every *pieta* its trumpeting cherub, there is the symbolic figure of Mr. Robert McKenzie, explaining to us, in soft Canadian accents, that all parties are the same and that politics is a sort of TV parlour game: bi-partisan anonymity reduced to its lowest common denominator. Looking at this hydra, caged as it is within the quadrilateral formed by the Carlton Club, the B.B.C., Transport House and Buckingham Palace, can we be surprised that it is unaware of what is going on outside?

For, on top of everything, it has been lulled into a false sense of security. Since the war, it has had to face two political revolts and it has snuffed them out with surprising ease. Bevanism and the Suez Group each achieved tactical victories, but both were finally crushed. Why? Because both were purely parliamentary movements, cheered on, indeed, by the party militants, but lacking a foundation of mass-support. Both were at heart reactionary, based on ideas and emotions which were rapidly becoming obsolete. Both lost their *raison d'être* with the passage of time. And both achieved the opposite of what they attempted: they consolidated the internal unity of the hydra.

What we are now witnessing is something quite different—a revolt from the outside, an uprising of the newly disenfranchised masses. Incoherent, unpolitical and imprecise though it may be, it springs from a profound feeling that the circus at Westminster is a sham. It is concentrated not so much on political issues themselves as on the cool insolence with which they are lifted from the realm of public debate and quietly buried out of sight. What, looking back on 1955, have been the opinions forming in the minds of the drab, inchoate mass of British citizens as they read their newspapers and tuned in to the B.B.C.? Did they think that Margaret should have married Peter? Perhaps not; but they strongly resented the way in which she was lectured by a prelate whose beliefs they do not share, and hounded by a newspaper they do not read. Did they think that an end should be made to the barbarous ritual of judicial murder? Yes. Did they think it scandalous that persons in high authority should conceal the drunken activities of two junketeering civil servants? Yes. Did they think the British electorate is sufficiently mature to permit public issues to be freely debated on radio and television? Yes. Did they think a newspaper has the right—indeed the duty—to expose corruption in the police where it can prove its case? Yes. And did they, above all, profoundly and bitterly resent the way in which the hydra not only flouted their wishes on each and all of these issues, but went to grotesque lengths to prevent any of them even being discussed? Most emphatically, yes.

The discontent, then, is there; but it has been slow to find spokesmen. The political zombies, dragging their leaden feet in and out of Westminster, have proved useless. Instead, the public is finding its John Wilkes in a heterogeneous group of ruthless journalists. There is the bellowing Cassandra of the *Mirror*, the choleric Randolph Churchill of the *Evening Standard*, a newly rebellious Priestley in this journal, an anarchistic Muggeridge in *Punch*, an iconoclastic Henry Fairlie in the *Spectator*, and Messrs. Foot, Taylor and Boothby shouting their way through the TV bear-garden. Are they disreputable, noisy, vulgar? Perhaps. Have they a single policy in common? Certainly not. These latter-day radicals, springing from every segment of the political horizon, resemble nothing so much as an unruly crew of mutinous pirates, united only in mischief. But—they have the popular wind in their sails. Far better than the hydra, they know and express what ordinary people are thinking, saying and feeling. Outrageous they may be, but everyone knows they are not part of the circus. And, despite everything, they have one object in common: the transformation of British society into something which corresponds to the needs of the mid-20th century.

Of course, there is nothing easier than for the hydra to dismiss them all as cads and clowns. But it is now beginning to realise that the revolt is far more deep-rooted than it at first thought, that the pirates are not just irresponsible individualists but spokesmen with a popular mandate. The revolt, in fact, is getting results. If we look back on the past year, we cannot fail to notice that the hydra has been dealt some nasty blows, and has had to conduct some hasty withdrawals! Judicial murder as a British institution is already toppling. The Princess Margaret story ended in tragedy—but it can never happen again in quite the same way. The 14-day rule has been exposed and truncated; the Foreign Office has been shaken to its seedy foundations. And the revolt is spreading. Even the zombies are beginning to stir awkwardly. In the last six months, a generation of old men, who came from a different age and whose battles have already become historical curiosities, have been ousted from the Labour leadership. Across the gangway, behind the row of frightened and hesitant men who control the Tory party, comes a rising murmur of protest against government by Eton and White's. More significant still, the hydra itself is now sick and ailing. When the British people voted last May, they showed an unmannerly disregard for the predictions of the political scientists. Incredibly enough, in quite a number of cases they voted for candidates as individuals and not as nameless bearers of a party ticket. The cube rule, in short, broke down. And the cube rule, with all that it implies, is the spinal column of the hydra.

PAUL JOHNSON

NEXT WEEK

The Tragedy of Cyprus
KINGSLEY MARTIN

J. B. S. Haldane
Profile, with caricature by VICKY

John Strachey and the Left Book Club
Re-assessed by R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London Diary

BROWNING'S Italian Person of Quality would have judged things differently if he had lived in London.

"Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in life!"

The only pleasure the Londoner has in his city is to get out of it. The old rich go to their country-houses; the new rich to hotels; less prosperous citizens seek invitations from remote cousins. Christmas Day can be celebrated, somewhat wryly, as the festival of the family. But how can a diarist, conscientiously confined to London, get through two days assigned to that strange secular feast, the Closing of Banks—and indeed of everything else? Useless, for instance, to take advantage of the quiet streets and visit the City churches. They are all locked. If churches are the House of God, He is certainly not at home in the City of London during the holidays—and probably not on weekdays either. Museums are the only resource; and we drift round them, speculating whether fossil animals or the caveman celebrated the winter solstice more gaily than we do. The truth is that for most Englishmen enjoyment is improper unless it takes place in the open air. When they hunt or fish, tramp or watch soccer, they accumulate a stock of virtue which can then be dissipated by visits to the cinema. But perhaps this is a middle-aged complaint. The "under-twenty-fives" have discovered for themselves a true urban joy. They squeeze into the cellars of Soho, their senses sharpened only by coffee, and listen all night through to strict or classical jazz. The Italian Person of Quality would have been happy with them:

"*Bang-whang-bang* goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife."

I do not envy them. For me the greatest pleasure in London (or indeed anywhere else) is to go to bed early.

* * *

I learn on bad authority that the War Office would like to abolish national service some time in 1958. This, if true, is a rare flicker of sense from such a quarter. A regular army, properly paid, is better value for money than a swarm of ill-trained national servicemen, who divert the regulars from more useful duties. The obstacle to this change is political: not, as one might suppose, from the Conservatives, the traditional advocates of conscription, but from a section of the Labour Party which regards national service as "more democratic." This is a terrifying perversion of idealism. Equality of sacrifice makes sense only if sacrifice by everybody is necessary. I cannot see that, if my son is wasting his time in the army (and this is the fate of 99 national servicemen out of a hundred), it is any consolation to him or me that every other boy of eighteen is doing the same. National service does not improve the character: it teaches successive generations to scrounge and dodge and idle. Least of all does it help to produce a democratic community. The selection of officers is now safely rigged in favour of public-school boys, whatever may have happened during the war. Switzerland, being a truly democratic country (perhaps the only one in Europe), can have a democratic army; we cannot make ourselves democratic by trying to change our military system. There would be a real argument for national service if the conscripts refused to fight in colonial wars, as the French youth are doing. But they don't. They go off cheerfully to Cyprus, Kenya, Malaya—anything to escape the tedium of Aldershot or Salisbury Plain.

The ancients examined the entrails of fowls. We are bewitched by statistics. The latest prophecy is an inevitable increase of university students by 10 to 15 per cent. within six years. This figure, as I understand it, rests on the "bulge" in births after the war, together with a vague allowance for the tendency to stay on at school. There is no attempt to estimate how many young people would benefit by a university education, still less how many graduates the community needs. But no doubt we shall accept the percentage as dogma. And from that we shall drift to results, not all of which are desirable. The administrative staff will go up. There will be new buildings to provide more bedrooms. But halls and refectories cannot be thus casually expanded. They will become more congested than ever; and the standard of student meals, already worse than any factory canteen, will sink still lower. Yet sleeping is an art easily acquired; taste in food and drink needs more cultivation. University teachers will have more pupils pushed on to them and perhaps be consoled by higher salaries. Our real need is for more leisure, even though we sometimes put it to poor uses. Libraries will come off worst. Even now Oxford students have to form a queue at opening time if they are to ensure a desk in the Bodleian. I shrink from this turmoil and come up to the calm of the Athenæum whenever I wish to consult *Hansard*. If the universities are wise, they will hold out against this arbitrary figure and insist that the only relevant one is the number of students whom they can educate properly.

* * *

What anniversaries can we appropriately celebrate in 1956? Not much can be made of the Congress of Paris, held a century ago, though—like many other international gatherings—it claimed to have solved the Eastern question. Admiral Byng, shot in 1756 to encourage the others, is worth a thought. Fifty years ago radicalism won its greatest victory. Twenty-five years ago the National Government swept all before it in defence of deflation and the gold standard. Even those for whom the Liberal Party is no more than a fading name will be stirred by the memory of the first. But who will celebrate the triumph of Ramsay MacDonald? The surviving members of the National Labour Party might hold a banquet. It would be quite a small affair, even with peers included.

* * *

The conscientious diarist should not close his annual volume without reflecting on the events of the year. But, with a historian's detachment from the contemporary world, I rarely notice events until ten years afterwards. Of course, I remember the weather. We had record sunshine in July and August, but none earlier. Hence, as I get natural bathing only in term-time, I still have a white strip round my middle. In the world of great affairs, they tell me that the possession of the hydrogen-bomb by both Russia and the United States has ruled out World War III. I doubt it. The balance of power is a splendid way of preserving peace so long as it lasts; but it has not lasted in the past, and I see no reason why it should last now. Scientists love solving problems; and the H-bomb is to them merely a problem on a bigger scale. Of course, we ought all to be asking: how do we reverse the race to destruction? But this is not a question which interests scientists or politicians. They are asking: how do I drop the bomb on the other fellow without his dropping one on me? They will find an answer, or rather they will think they have found one; and then we shall be in for another interesting experiment. As a matter of fact the H-bomb is not a difficult problem, as such things go. A country which does not possess any has at least an even chance of escaping them. A country which possesses them will also receive them sooner or later. And as it is our declared policy only to use them in retaliation, that is when we have all been blown up, our satisfaction will be posthumous. I suppose this is what the Archbishop means by saying that the bomb is a deterrent only so long as it is not used. But it needs a mind trained in theological casuistry to understand what this really does mean.

* * *

I must end the year on a more cheerful note by applauding the arrival of that good fairy, commercial television. She has turned out to be singularly like her elder sister, the B.B.C.—a bit more adventurous and less experienced, but the same fine British stock. There have been no startling achievements and no startling vulgarity. Still the democratic principle has triumphed, even though the results will take some time to work out. Like the theatre or the cinema or even high-grade weekly journals, television now puts the consumer first instead of worrying about the good taste of the high and mighty (who never "view" anyway) or the complaints of the party machines. If there are no viewers, a programme is no good; and that's all there is to it. To tell the truth, I am not much of a viewer myself. All I know about independent television is that it has put the four of us back on the air as "Free Speech." I have no idea how long this happy state of affairs will last. But at least this time if we are turned off it will be because the viewers have had enough of us and not because we were too successful. The greatest compliment ever paid to me was the remark of a B.B.C. potentate: "You get too positive a response"; by which he meant that viewers either liked or disliked me instead of going to sleep during the programme. As I sit round the table with Boothby, Foot, and Brown, I often puzzle why we should be there. Not good-looking (except, of course, for Bob); not particularly clever; three of us not very sensible in our views. But there's the answer. We evoke a positive response. Certainly the other three evoke it from me; and I explode without a thought for the cool Olympian criticism of Mr. Randolph Churchill or even of Mr. Charles Pannell.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Divorce, not murder, is the remedy for a man who wishes to get rid of an unfaithful wife, ruled the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Goddard, in the Court of Criminal Appeal today.—*Evening Standard.* (J. Myers.)

Is it not time our teachers were told that their job is not a profession, and that their attempt to gang up with doctors, lawyers and others is an impertinence?

The elementary schoolteacher is just a public service employee, trained and paid at public cost, and the job he does is very useful but by no means essential.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.* (Mrs. Gandy.)

The Highways Committee at Grimsby have decided to accept from Lord Worsley, son of the Earl of Yarborough, the gift of a house and land to enable road improvements to be made. The Earl is one of the town's main landlords. But because of strong opposition from Labour members no letter of thanks will be sent to Lord Worsley.—*News Chronicle.* (J. E. Reddick.)

Electioneering with Mendès-France

VICKY arrived in Paris the day Mendès-France opened his election campaign with a speech in the Salle de la Mutualité. Counting on a thin attendance, we planned to slip in at the last minute. To our consternation we found an enormous crowd battling outside the hall. We had invitation cards and press passes galore, but there was simply no question of getting in. Disappointed, but determined to see the great man in action all the same, we decided to pay a visit to his own political fief, the Eure department in Normandy, where he is standing as a candidate. We discovered that he was due to speak that week-end at St. Georges de Vièvre, a village of 475 inhabitants. It would be, we were told, a small, intimate and friendly meeting, which would give us a true picture of electioneering in the French provinces.

It was, of course, raining when we set out. The journey from Paris to St. Georges de Vièvre, the friends of Mendès-France told us, would take an hour. It took three. It was seven o'clock when we finally got to the village, a sombre collection of solid Norman tenements, glistening in the drizzle. At a café on the corner of the square, a group of peasants, solemnly sipping their calvados, told us that Mendès-France would speak at the *mairie*—adding that they weren't going. "He never comes to see me at my house, why should I go to his?" said one of them. There was a general nodding of grizzled heads.

Nevertheless, the town hall—it might have come straight from Clochemerle—was already full. It was a small room, more suited to marriage ceremonies than political meetings; and, besides, Norman peasants are big and take up a lot of room. By the time Mendès-France began, a hundred people were sitting down, and every inch of standing-room was taken. He spoke from behind a table, a short, squat, determined figure, surrounded by burly peasants. When he talked about Indo-China, they listened in respectful silence. "Some people criticised me when I took a bet to make peace in a month. What they didn't know—and what I can only now reveal—is that the generals told me that a month was the maximum time they could guarantee to hold out. It was peace in a month or catastrophe." The peasants nodded their heads approvingly. There were murmurs of assent. "*Tu as bien fait. Bravo pour l'Indochine. Tu nous as bien representé dans cette affaire.*"

After Indo-China, he went on to North Africa. "We've got a new war on our hands down there. It's going to cost us more than the last. So long as it continues, we can't reorganise the economy. If we are returned, I guarantee to have peace there in six months." There was more applause. For outsiders like Vicky and myself, who know nothing about local Norman politics, Mendès-France appeared to be surrounded by true and loyal friends, who asked nothing better than to give him their votes. But we were wrong. Whatever Norman peasants think about Indo-China and Algeria, they know that elections are concerned with something much more serious. As soon as Mendès-France had finished and the questions began, we knew what it was. The local

doctor, a candidate of one of the right-wing groups, set the ball rolling. "I'm a doctor, I agree with you about the menace of alcoholism. But—there's alcohol and alcohol. I quite agree that Algerian wine is bad for the health of Frenchmen, but calvados, produced by the loyal, hard-working peasants of this region—that's a different matter." The room burst into applause; for the first time the meeting became lively. A tremendous voice growled behind us: "*Oui, l'alcool, c'est sa bête noire.* He should stick up for our interests, but what does he do? Votes against us—us, the small calvados producers." Other voices took up the cry. Around us, faces grew red with anger, bloodshot eyes bulged. It took several minutes to restore order.

When Mendès-France got up to reply, the storm really broke. The huge voice began again: "You didn't touch the big boys. You're just trying to ruin the poor peasants who produce a few litres a year to warm themselves in the winter." The infernal chorus swelled into pandemonium. Amid the uproar, the voice of Mendès-France could be heard faintly: "Public health . . . the morale of France . . . the future of the economy." Nobody was listening. Algeria, Indo-China, industrial progress, reconversion of agriculture—these were academic, far-away subjects. They wanted to hear about his plans for the calvados-growers. "*L'alcool, c'est sa bête noire!*" The phrase was taken up and shouted from all corners of the room. A moment of calm came only when the local Poujardiste jumped to his feet. He was, by all accounts, milder than most of his like, but the usual question was uppermost in his mind: "What are you going to do for the small tradesmen and artisans to save them from being crushed by taxation?"

Quietly, patiently, Mendès-France began to explain that in France all social classes stood or fell together. That small businessmen could not prosper unless the peasants and workers had money to spend. That this was impossible unless the economy could expand. And that you couldn't develop the economy while throwing milliards of francs away in Algeria. But nobody followed the argument. "*Il est plus intelligent que nous!*" the huge voice sneered. "Look at him, he's putting one over us—*il nous raconte des bobards!*" On the left, a hatchet-faced shopkeeper was screaming: "The workers get a month's holiday, they get an annual bonus, social security, and we, *les petits*, we get smashed to pieces by the tax-collectors and the anti-alcohol

laws!" This time, the whole room rose to its feet. An enormous peasant, breathing heavily of drink, struggled to the centre of the platform, pointing at Mendès-France as he listened, impassively, to the insults. "He can drink milk. He's a lucky one, he is. But me, when I drink milk I get a belly-ache. I can only drink calvados, *and he wants to stop us making it!*" The cheers drowned everything else. In the confusion, I caught sight of Vicky, small and anxious, sandwiched between two gigantic farmers, asking if this really was a typical election meeting in provincial France. Things, in fact, were getting out of hand, and we decided to make for the door. To our surprise, nobody tried to stop us. The crowd was not interested in strangers, but in settling their accounts with a deputy who had dared to raise the alcohol tax, and had cost them £5 a year. As we left, the first blows were struck, and the police moved into action. But there wasn't much trouble. A local journalist, hovering round the entrance, assured us: "Norman peasants like to shout a great deal, but they're not ones for a fight." "And will he get elected all the same?" asked Vicky. "Oh, yes. In this department the calvados producers are in the minority. The people who really swing the votes are the dairy farmers. And they have a soft spot for old Mendès."

So that was that. Vicky was much shocked by the meeting. His one desire was to shake the dust of Saint-Georges from his feet. In the car, we talked about how difficult it was to deal with small farmers. No wonder the Communists run into trouble with collectivisation, we said, if even in France the peasants are capable of completely ignoring the national interests for the sake of a few thousand francs a year. For them, the war in Algeria didn't matter. "*L'alcool est sa bête noire*"—that was the phrase we will both remember.

K. S. KAROL

This Always Happens

As a dilettante of architecture, when building licences for small houses were made easy at the end of 1952, one of my motives for deciding to get a house built was the desire to own a piece myself. Besides, as an R.I.B.A. handout says, "Apart from the greater capital value of an architect-designed building, an architect can often save his client more than the cost of his fee." It seems an unequalled opportunity to get something for nothing.

I approached a well-known architect whom I admired and knew a little, and was introduced to a protégé—a highly qualified and regarded young architect. I named my price for the house—£2,500. The architect lectured: if I wanted something different, I must be prepared to pay for it. He would sooner say £3,000. I agreed, reluctantly. "Sensible fellow," I thought, "he's allowing himself a good margin."

He designed us a lovely little house. "We never dreamed," we said when at last we saw the plan, "that we could have such a house." Eight months, and ten tenders, later, we knew we had been right. It was beyond our reach by £1,000. "Don't worry," said the architect, "this always happens," and tried again, guaranteeing success if he were given a free hand. He designed a house in which we could hardly see room to squeeze by the best bed—and failed again by £600.

A simple man might imagine that he employs an architect to get him a house built. The architect, if pressed, will disillusion him. Two-thirds of his work has been done, he insists, when his designs are completed, and two-thirds of his fee earned. Not till then can he tell you what his design will cost to build. If he has miscalculated—well, costing is a quantity surveyor's work, not

Confession of Ivan The Terrified

Calling for "more democratic music," *Pravda* declares that "the fight for socialist realism in music demands the timely unmasking and rejection of harmful influences."

Last night, ah, yesternight, between my score and me
There fell thy shadow, Tovarishtsh, the Ides of Marx,
Upon the Samovar when I was making tea;
For I was desolate, full of defeatist urges,
Yea, I was also scared of Party narks:
I have been faithful to thee, Tovarishtsh, during purges.

All night upon my chest there sat a bourgeois Muse,
The harmful influence of Beethoven and Brahms,
Their music wasn't bad, considering their views,
And I was desolate, full of defeatist urges,
With dialectical material qualms:
I have been faithful to thee, Tovarishtsh, during purges.

I have forgotten much. Ivan Ivanovitch
Has not interpreted the proletariat;
The vodka was too strong, the caviar too rich,
But I was desolate, full of defeatist urges,
Comrade, I didn't know what I was at:
I have been faithful to thee, Tovarishtsh, during purges.

I cried for bad concerti, on un-class-conscious themes,
For petty-bourgeois fugues and tonic sabotage;
I left the party line in treasonable dreams,
For I was desolate, full of defeatist urges;
Though an escapist seeking a mirage,
I have been faithful to thee, Tovarishtsh, during purges.

More democratic music, Agit. Prop. has asked,
And struggling realism in symphonic rouge;
So falls thy shadow, Tovarishtsh, I am unmasked,
And I am desolate, full of defeatist urges;
Poor, counter-revolutionary stooge,
I have been faithful to thee, Tovarishtsh, during purges.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

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an architect's—and that is the client's funeral. The architect still knows what to charge, he bases his fee on the estimated cost of the building he has designed. (To be £1,000 out in his guessing can earn an architect £69.) The client, as like as not, has no money to pay him till he has a house going up and a building society's advance on it. In the hope of seeing his liability converted into bricks and mortar, he may feel obliged to put up uncomplainingly with any kind of negligence, allowing his architect to keep trying if necessary to eternity, while building costs mount and the architect's interest dwindles.

Our patience, however, finally broke. We braved a bill for £200 (and got one for more). Finding ourselves exactly where we had been fifteen months earlier—the owners of a site on which we badly wanted to live and nothing more—the sensible thing for us to do was to sell the land and buy a house. But first we drove round the town and saw houses—despised builders' houses—standing on all the sites which had been for sale when we bought ours, and we grew stubborn. We decided to face another year in our impossible temporary quarters, pocketed our pride and went to a builder. His price for the first design had been the customary £1,000 above ours. But someone told us he was fairly quick. He heard what we wanted and pulled out of a drawer a lay-out closely resembling what the architect had gone incommunicado for several weeks to bring forth—only larger. The architect, in a final access of knowledge and despair, had told us we must reduce our requirements considerably more. From the builder—he gave us a rough estimate straight away and a firm one in a few weeks (for nothing)—we learnt that we could have nearly everything we wanted, except architecture. And with architecture, we now knew, features like a balcony you will never use may be more important than the space and fittings you need.

The builder explained to me about architects (a pity, he added, their houses are much nicer to look at). "We have to quote high prices to them," he said, "to protect ourselves against them. It's the messing about that costs the money—the 'let-you-know-about-thats' and 'surely-you-knew-what-I-meant-theres.' A builder pays for his own mistakes," he said, "but the client pays for the architect's." Having seen a plan sent out by mine which included a coal store but no chimney, and a corrected plan lithographed at my expense, I knew what he meant.

I began to realise that I was confused about the function of architects. It is not only that claim, so often made, that an architect can save you money. (If you are building a block of offices, no doubt he can.) The confusion has arisen, I believe, because of the association of architecture with industrial design and with demands for the rationalisation of building methods. But taking his methods as they are, the builder is still the quantity producer in his trade. The architect deals in the bespoke; and I, who buy my clothes at Burton's, had strayed into Savile Row. Our architect's tastes were more expensive even than ours, and his hopes were just as extravagant.

As an artist, which he undoubtedly was, this architect had a perfect right to seize on his little patron and use him for his little creation. I am sure many architects are practical men; perhaps a few manage to be practical artists. But I believe there are some—for I know other people, now, who have suffered similarly—who cannot help, in the difficult duality of their calling, letting creative interest override professional responsibility. And such should not be entitled to pass as professional men. The client needs to know what *kind* of architect he is engaging. (How much easier for him if they could advertise.) Patrons of art, let the poor aesthete face it, still need to be rich.

The builder took thirteen months to plan and build our house. It has nearly everything we wanted, except architecture. "You understand, don't you," he had said, "you're getting a builder's house now, not an architect's. There's a subtle difference." Subtle? Nothing, anyway, that a building society's valuer could put his finger on.

FREEHOLDER

Señor Psst !

"PSST," a man hissed from somewhere behind me. I had thought I was alone, defeated, my letters of introduction useless in my hands. I was standing under a modern dome in a hall of stiff and gaudy murals representing aspects of resurgent Indian life in the Andes of Ecuador. The hall was the House of Culture and the Race in Quito. Remarkable libraries, musical collections, picture exhibitions and broadcasting studios are contained in this new building; it is one of those gleaming machines for culture so often built in the three Americas. But the lights had fused when I got there, the cultured human beings had made off in the dark, the distinguished painter I had come to see was away. Quito freezes nine thousand feet above sea-level and the eager traveller just up from the tropical coast drops to suicide point at the first frustration. I turned round and there came that second "Psst," always more dreadful than the first, the "Psst" fatal, sordid, timed for the kill.

Señor Psst came up enthusiastically pointing towards a corridor.

"Down there," he said. "Right at the end. They are waiting for you."

He was a short, shabby collection of skin, bones and smells, his eyes were watering and he was well wrapped up, with a scarf over his mouth, against the Andean cold. Even at this distance his breath hit me like a jet of stale vinegar and his voice had that delicate, exhausted, whispering quietness I had noticed in many of the people of Quito, something close to the twitter of the Indians. In travel it is important to meet the Right People; I had failed there. Señor Psst so clearly belonged to the opposite party.

"The audience is waiting. Hurry!" said Señor Psst. "For your lecture."

"I am not giving a lecture."

"Neither am I," he giggled. "All the same, go in. Listen. It's free. It's on Indian sociology. I am going."

"I don't like sociology," I said, edging away, but he had me by the sleeve.

"Then I won't go either" he said. "It bores me too. The town is full of sociology, United Nations and everything. I'll stay with you."

I tried to escape an evening with Señor Psst by saying I was looking for So-and-So, the great painter.

"But I am a great painter too," said Señor Psst excitedly. "And he is my greatest friend. He is away. Psst," he called to the porter. "Here is a marvel," he said, putting his arms on our shoulders. "Here is a great English painter. . ."

"Journalist," I said.

". . . a great lover of art, beauty, music, dancing, come to Quito."

The porter put his hand on my shoulders and leaned.

"Give me a cigarette," said Señor Psst. "Give him a cigarette too."

This was indeed the only way out of our general embrace.

"Now I am going to get a taxi," I said.

"Yes," said Señor Psst. "We will come with you."

The streets of Quito are steep, and the moonlight had cut out the deep white arcades of the town. I had no breath to reply. In the taxi I could have been drunk; less and less at this altitude did I feel sane and I became aware of a meaningless, drivelling laughter about nothing moving inside myself. The pulse on top of my head had swollen into a small external knot and was striking so hard that it deafened my buzzing ears. I was gasping and my heart felt like a loose lump of iron.

"Two of us, great painters! Velasquez is a very great painter," said Señor Psst. I was. He was. Goya was. Mr. Churchill was. All great. And the whisky! What quantities of whisky were drunk by all the great painters like Velasquez, myself and Señor Psst. Whole glasses! To keep the porter in the conversation as we drove, he gave him a nudge now and then and said hysterically, "Lover of beauty and art."

"Why not?" said the porter. "Of course. Drop me here. I am going to eat my soup."

"We will all get out," said Señor Psst. "Good night," he said to the porter. And to me: "You are not going to bed? You are not looking for a woman? Good, come. A great painter. I will show you something."

He was pulling me by the sleeve. After the suicide point in the Andes, one sinks into listlessness. Señor Psst arranged my scarf round my mouth. For he was 55, he said, father of ten children, three of them dead. One was a painter, not a good one at all, and his lungs had gone.

"Come along up, slowly. It's this cold wind."

But he rushed as quick as a fly.

The streets of Quito rise everywhere into mountains and the climb sickens. It is a completely Spanish town. It might be Toledo with all its churches or some town in Valencia with green, yellow and white tiled domes rising over the heavy terra cotta roofs. The walls of the churches have the Spanish gravity, plainness and measure, and are broken by extravagant doorways; inside is the golden orgy of the rococco. The Virgins are like candied peel on sweet cakes and the Christs are smudged with blood at the knees. Only the two volcanoes standing over the town and the Indians squatting against the walls or grieving loudly before the altars mark the difference.

"Full of fleas," shouted Señor Psst in a temper when he passed the Indian women. Or, in the dark churches, when he saw a priest, "Stealers of money," he called out. The Indians squatted in the thin air with their ponchos up to their noses, their faces set in the Mongolian stare, never talking to one another. They sat dead still, carved out of coldness and the moonlight.

And then we came to what he was aiming at: the building of the Congress. We would have admired this graceful eighteenth-century palace longer, but a man propped up against a car outside fell upon us. I mean that he tipped over and we had to support him.

"Doctor," said Señor Psst. "Our greatest doctor. And here, Doctor, is a great English painter, a gentleman who loves art and beauty, poetry, science. I am Psst, the great painter, and the doctor is a true magician."

We were in one another's arms, and necessarily so—the doctor was drunk. He whispered into my ear that he was an alchemist. Or I may have said that: I was now out of my mind.

We released the doctor, who fell back against the car.

"Take him in. Show him the government," the doctor called. That, said Señor Psst, was what

he was going to do as we went off into the dark.

"I apologise for this parliament. Soon we shall have a better one," said Señor Psst.

Imagine the back entrance to an old theatre, an alleyway unlighted, with dustbins and broken boxes, a flimsy staircase going up an outside wall. Imagine Señor Psst still apologising and explaining in whispering voice to whispering policemen that a lover of beauty was following close behind. At the top of the stairway an old door was kicked open and a rush of hot human air blew out. We were in the public gallery of Congress in session, close against the painted ceiling. It was twenty feet square and packed with people.

One had left the alley for a lighted stage in some pleasant old gilded theatre. It was magical. The chocolate pillars were gilded, portraits of generals and presidents were on the crimson walls. There was all the red, the blue and the gold of a cardboard palace, the weeping glitter of dusty candelabra. We were looking into a Victorian peepshow, but with the Latin shabbiness and dash. There was the president of the chamber, there were his officers on the crimson dais. From somewhere below us came the voice of a deputy making a speech. Against the huge blue velvet curtain which divided Congress from the Senate, and lying on the carpeted steps, there was a youth in dungarees, yawning his head off and scratching. He looked like a stage hand who had strolled into the middle of a play. "Robbers. Bleeders of the people," said Señor Psst in a voice that made one or two look up from below. "It's too small. It isn't modern. It wants pulling down."

I hated him. I had never seen a parliament I liked more. For we were looking down into the romantic South America of the Liberation, with its garlanded generals and frock-coated presidents. We were looking into the family affair of early colonial democracy. More startling and more moving was the fact that we had around us, in the gallery, the People themselves. The place was the hacienda in apotheosis. They were all Indians. They packed against the balustrade, bulging in their ponchos, staring down at the politicos below; and behind the men, squatting on the floor at our feet, were the women with their babies slung on their backs, eating, chewing, sleeping, listening, with their children crawling around them and urchins wandering about selling them nuts and sweets. It was an encampment. It stank like one. Parliament was the great, gilded, adobe hut; but when, at some point in the speech below, the men at the balustrade clapped and cheered, the women on the floor obediently did the same a few seconds afterwards. Here was the familiarity of the camp or the feudal estate. Natural to the Indians, it fitted well with the *sans gêne* of Spanish occasions. And to hold the sight together, to confirm that one was looking at an old print, there was an old armless soldier in ragged uniform propped against the wall, drunk and bent double as he snored louder than the whole assembly. His snore was a form of rhetoric, a long, eloquent proclamation of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. Señor Psst nudged me. "That is the great Captain," he said. "The great hero of the Revolution. Like Churchill. A lot of whisky." A hero of revolutions which have had their day; the old bloody frontier rows of the colonial families.

How could one interpret the fantastic scene? Were the Indians projecting hacienda life into politics? Had they come in merely to get warm? Were they resurgent? Had they come in to camp round their black-coated rulers? Had they come to see a play? Down at Guayaquil, in the rich, steaming commercial port of Ecuador, politics are harsher; they say that Quito, the capital, is a mere survival. For myself, I had the sensation that comes at high altitude of having seen a vision. Democracy, in the Americas, has something which western Europe has never known. It was built on a belief in the humane value of human slackness and gregariousness.

We left. Señor Psst insulted a few more priests and Indians. We spoke to many of his friends, people who appeared to be spending the night in the shadows of public monuments. Referring to our common greatness and taste for whisky, he announced to them that he was going to present me with a mural painting of Winston Churchill, very large.

Finally we parted, on a dramatic site in front of the Palace of the Inquisition.

"I would now like," he said, rearranging my scarf over my mouth once more, "to embrace you and for you to embrace me." The steam of our breath rose above us as we did this. He was as thin as a basket.

"And now," he said, "one more thing." He rubbed his fingers together and gave me a sensitive glance. "Now . . ." he said. "Now, you know. . . ." He patted his pocket. "Fifty sucres for the picture I bring you in the morning, for the dining room, signed, at nine or ten o'clock or perhaps two or three in the afternoon." We panted at each other. "I look older than I am," he said. "Lungs."

He did not come, of course. I am glad he did not come. He is the only member of the great international Psst family to have taken me down an alley at night and to have shown me a picture I shall remember all my life. It was history. Or the future. I don't know which.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Idler—and the perfumed paint

This exotic imagery makes even less sense when it turns out that the idler is one of a busy set of conveyor rollers mounted on ball bearings, and the perfumed paint a popular housewives' paint which spreads itself evenly and smells of spring flowers as it dries. Nevertheless, these divers manufactures have one thing in common: both are made by companies in two of the seven Divisions of Tube Investments.

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The Arts and Entertainment

Films in 1955

THE rather absurd machinery has been set going. Uncle Holly arrives, Regent Street is starred, we snarl and shove one another in the effort of goodwill, post cards and receive them and have to post more, a cold wind spells old-fashioned and a warm one dubious birds, and the film critic looks back over his year. A good one.

It began with *Umberto D.* and ended with *Richard III*. Of the first—since I said a good deal at the time—I need add little more. Here was a masterpiece peculiar to the cinema. It couldn't have arrived in any other medium, it triumphed by a kind of incorruption, and those who dropped in on it with arteries hardened by the other arts were likely to be disappointed. No better, or more central, piece of cinematic art has appeared since the war; and to the collaboration that produced it—Zavattini's astringence and De Sica's sympathy—we may look for further discoveries.

Olivier's *Richard III* was at the opposite pole. Here was a Shakespeare play, not in itself good material, which by sheer ingenuity and devotion was transformed into—I won't say the very stuff of the screen—but the very stuff of screen Shakespeare. It doesn't in fact trade on its great if tattered original; it approaches *Richard III* as Eisenstein approached the Teutonic invaders or Dreyer the inquisition of Joan of Arc, and reveals unexpected elasticities in the film—and incidentally in the interpretation of Shakespeare. This *Richard III* has quite thrust aside, for me, any stage performances of the play I have seen—including Olivier's own—and I shall continue to explore it whenever I get the chance, on the same terms with which I enjoy, say, Cruikshank's illustrations to Dickens or Verdi's *Macbeth*. In his double role of director and actor Olivier has produced, in my opinion, the first self-reliant film of Shakespeare.

Between these—and still in the **** class—came Akira Kurosawa's *Seven Samurai* and Renoir's *French Can-Can*. Again, no two could be more diverse. The Japanese film had the best qualities we have come to expect: a rigid code, miming of an exact order, the lyrical appreciation of nature and violence, together with some qualities new to us, notably a realism absent from most screen explorations of legend. Its sustained anecdote had a truly epic emphasis. The anecdote elaborated by Renoir—the birth of the Moulin Rouge—was quite fanciful. He had seen, presumably, *Moulin Rouge*, and felt both taken aback and piqued: this was his instinctive reply. He would woo truth with fantasy, give the real Parisian swirl and kick. And so he did.

Next, I suppose, in my recollections would come Jules Dassin's *Rififi*. Suspense has always seemed to me one of the things the cinema can stretch further and play more tricks with than any other art. The burgling of Mappin and Webb's remains with me as the most pleasurably intent twenty minutes of the year. The final touch to this bravura was its complete silence. A trick? Perhaps, but a memorable, an inspired trick, after which one's applause covered the rest of the film. Of a similar order was Clouzot's *The Fiends*, more sustained if less tense, and with a final trap-door that swallowed everything. This was the catch of the season: you can still be caught, by the way.

Thereafter judgment becomes slack and whim more insistent. I liked very much the two films coming from Gogol's *The Overcoat*. The better of the two was the more remote: Wolf Mankovitz's and Jack Clayton's *The Bespoke Overcoat*, a three-reeler that will, I hope, invite others; Alberto Lattuada's more or less straight version also engaged me considerably—far more than *The Beach*, which faced Selfridge's for a whole summer.

And I enjoyed Bunuel's *The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz*, strange mixture of surrealism and thriller; *Marty* with its romance of the dance halls and *The Wild One* with its marauding motor-bikes, the two most vivid glimpses into America during the year; Federico Fellini's animal sympathy in *The Road* and the rosy realism of *Marcelino*; and the outpost thrills of *Bad Day at Black Rock*, the sardonic Hollywood glow of *A Star is Born*, the appeal to conscience of our own *The Prisoner* and the Japanese *Children of Hiroshima*.

Quite the best documentary was Lindsay Anderson's and Guy Kenton's *Thursday's Children*, a film in which by apparently the simplest means were conveyed to us the first steps in the inner life of deaf-dumb children.

That makes eighteen films, far more than one is supposed to have liked, and I must leave another half-dozen unmentioned.

Otherwise there have been seasons of Bunuel, Renoir, Ford. An isolated event was the reappearance of Garbo in *Camille*: she must share with Olivier the star honours of the year, with Judy Garland—coming back in person, as it were—as a diminutive but likeable third. Other revivals were of that strange innocent Harry Langdon in *The Strong Man*, and of Chaplin, again, in *The Gold Rush* and a score of two-reelers.

More idiosyncratic was the outbreak of opera—that most uncinematic affair—including a Negro boxers' version of *Carmen* (why?), the attenuated charms of the Chinese *Shan-Po and Ling-Tai*, a straight and deadly *Don Giovanni*, a *Madame Butterfly* with real Japanese redeemed by its principal performance, and Messrs. Asquith's and Dehn's Glyndebourne film which made a musical adventure of *Figaro*. The one opera-filmist of talent, however—Menotti—has been silent.

If 1956 does half as well, it won't do so badly.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Style and the Man

EVERY painter inherits, adapts or creates a system of drawing, though often without consciously striving to do so. This system governs the nature of his lines, brush-marks, shading, gestures, as they amass on the sheet of paper. If it unites these elements and by its calligraphic, rhythmic expressiveness prepares the spectator for the habitual mood of the artist's vision, the system can be called a style. For instance: Millet—a greatly underestimated draughtsman—drew with a heavy simplicity which prepares one consistently and accurately for his moral preoccupations. Seurat drew with a constant sensuous passion that betrays the heart behind all his calculating theories. Sometimes the issue is complicated by the fact that the artist, such as Rubens or Delacroix, had several systems of drawing. The quality of style, however, is always the result of a successful marriage between a system, a method, and a temperament. Those who lack style are either incompetent or severely unimaginative and so without temperament.

The common idea that style implies elegance is the result of the fact that those who use the word most frequently do not look beyond method, and so, valuing drawings for their surface quality, usually apply it to works that have little else. A rough parallel are those people who talk about manners in relation to behaviour when they really mean formality. Rembrandt, one of the least elegant of draughtsman, was in the true sense of the word one of the greatest stylists because there was complete identity between his method and temperament.

The proper working of style is dialectical. The more powerful the method of drawing is, the more powerful the temperament, the imagination, must be to match it. But the more powerful the imagination, the more the artist will be concerned with what he is trying to communicate and the less with what happens to his lines, brush-marks, etc., on the paper. Yet the more he is this, the more powerful his method of drawing must be. Every great mark a great artist makes is held as between a vice. Behind the paper, as it were, there is the pressure of the demands of the real forms he is drawing; in front of the paper, on its surface, is the pressure of the demands of his medium, his method, his style. If the two pressures are not equal the drawing becomes like a leaf which can be blown in any direction.

The main interest of the exhibition of drawings and etchings by Giambattista Tiepolo and his son Giandomenico at the Arts Council, St. James's Square, is in deciding where the vice holds and where it does not. Both father and son inherited and evolved a very pretty system of drawing. When does this amount to a style and when does it remain a manner? Neither attempted to be very profound, but this is beside the point, because, although the pressures must be equal, they need not be very heavy.

In my opinion Giambattista achieved a style in his caricatures, in the foreshortened figures in which he delighted to show his inventiveness and in his figure compositions which don't pretend to be more than memories of a pageant; whereas Giamdomenico, in his overworked religious etchings and in his details of a make-believe extravaganza—even the memories were finished by 1789—did not. The difference to look for in terms of form and unity and tension is that between a growing rose, however slight in strength, and a potpourri of dried petals.

JOHN BERGER

The Wild Duck

MR. JOHN CLEMENTS puts us all in his debt, for he is seeking to fill one of London's yawning gaps. He is presenting a repertory of classical plays for a season at the Saville Theatre, each to be given a first-class cast and each to run for only eight weeks. Such a season is difficult and costly to run and (even when, as I understand to be so in this case, it is indirectly subsidised by televison) it needs support and instant support, if it is to succeed. It certainly deserves to succeed, if we may judge by the first presentation, Ibsen's *Wild Duck*, with a cast headed by Emlyn Williams, Angela Baddeley and Dorothy Tutin. This runs only until February 18th. Do not miss it. Whatever imperfections you may perceive alike in the acting and in the play itself will be more than outweighed by the memories of characters finely conceived, scenes finely written and finely played.

The only difficulty in accepting *The Wild Duck* today comes, I find, from the character of the active idealist, Gregers Werle, the moralistic young busy-body who upsets the Ekdal household with his "claim of the ideal," and drives their little daughter to suicide. He, it will be remembered, is the son of the successful Haakon Werle who fifteen years ago ruined old grandfather Ekdal and then palmed off his mistress Gina on the son Hjalmar, though without Hjalmar realising what had happened. And things had worked out well enough, as they have a way of doing if only left to themselves. Gina had made Hjalmar an excellent wife, had encouraged this artist *manqué* in his nourishing phantasies, and meanwhile got quietly on with the business of managing the house and keeping going, too, the photographer's studio which gave them their living. Hjalmar lived on the dream of a great invention which was to make him famous, and on the love of his daughter and his wife; while old Ekdal, the grandfather, pottered round the house, consoling his age with brandy and with that queer menagerie of live-stock, the pigeons and the rabbits, which are kept in the back of the attic

And the father and the daughter entered completely into this game, especially over the prize of their collection, the wild duck they have rescued and preserved there.

This household, dotty and delusive, but happy enough in their delusions still, it seems to me, make perfect sense on any level. If the symbolism of the duck is a little rammed home in the writing, that doesn't, I find, interfere in the least with one's acceptance of the whole contraption on a purely realistic basis. Over dogs and pigeons and budgerigars, people are just as dotty today, and such dottinesses, amiable and harmless enough, keep life going. The woman will smile at the silliness of her menfolk, but indulgently, as Gina does; and when it comes to a pitch, will engage herself over the creatures as hotly as they do—for her own reasons. The very young and the very old will lose themselves completely in their phantasy over them, and middle-age—especially failed middle-age—will pretend to be only indulging the children's phantasies, when it is really indulging itself.

Then, Hjalmar is an eternal character, fully rounded and alive here—the child coddled by two doting aunts, the promising boy whose promise never gets fulfilled in manhood, but who has lived ever since on the promise, and on his emotional temperament and his ability to dramatise himself. What Mr. Emlyn Williams slightly misses here, I think, is the reality of that underlying promise which lives still at the core of the self-deception. For encouraged by his wife and daughter, Hjalmar really does live in his momentary dramatisations. He *is* overworked, bowed down with responsibilities which prevent him getting on with his own work, his real work. If Mr. Williams could come up a little stronger there, if he could believe in himself more entirely and persuade us of the reality of that belief—and I dare say he will as he plays himself in—he will be the perfect Hjalmar. He was, on the second night, within a pace of it.

Miss Dorothy Tutin is far and away the best Hedvig I have ever seen or could imagine. Her innocent and spontaneous flow of feeling and play of imagination have all the air of coming straight from the heart of adolescence. In her hands this child-part, so impossible for a child to act, and so all wrong in the hands of a young woman acting a child, is beautifully right and beautifully sustained. This production would be worth seeing, if for nothing else to see this part done for once to perfection. But there are other excellencies. Miss Angela Baddeley, too, strikes all her notes with a perfection of touch that it is a pleasure to watch and to hear. Economy and precision are the marks of her acting, and how they pay when it comes to the scene of the daughter's death, done with a heart-rending restraint and truth! Two admirable small portraits, too, come from George Relph as old Ekdal, and Laurence Hardy as the down-to-earth doctor with his sane belief in the life-giving lie.

But in the end we are left with the impossible Gregers and his barging belief that the truth must be told, and the difficulty is what, at this age and date, to do with him. This favourite target of Ibsen's is, at least in the extreme form in which Ibsen presents him, simply beyond our belief. And the fact is that with him, and with him only, Ibsen was writing not as an artist, but as a propagandist. The other figures are drawn with the irony of compassion and understanding; they are created out of his love of life. But this anti-life idealist roused only his hatred and anger, and the strokes with which he is slashed in are raw and crude. The social temper which produced such figures has now totally vanished, and the aspect of this character that Ibsen gives is the lurid reflection only of that social temper. With its passing, they have passed; and they no longer make sense.

Yet since Gregers is the turning point both of the action and the moral tension of the story, he remains the key problem for the interpretation. The only hope of making him credible now is to make him a figure of fun, a prig and a busybody of the most churchy kind. Ibsen, the propagandist, thumped the role altogether too hard. Actor and producer must underplay for all they are worth to reduce him to the dimensions of the possible. Mr. Michael Gough didn't quite bring off the impossible. But he is not far enough "out" to go anywhere near spoiling a fine shot at this most difficult and most interesting play.

T. C. WORSLEY

Levelling Up and Down

THE "anti-cultural drive" in commercial television will almost certainly be successful, for obvious reasons already indicated here; but there are occasional signs of grace, or of a sense that it is tactically unwise to give the whole case away too soon.

Last week, for instance, Associated-Rediffusion presented Vittorio de Sica's *Miracle in Milan*: not original TV, simply the film; but delightful and adult entertainment. There was, too, the announcement by Mr. John Clements that ITV would, in effect, be helping to keep the living theatre alive by organising eight-week seasons of such plays as *The Wild Duck* and *The Rivals* as trial runs for TV productions of them.

I must also record that, of the special Christmas programmes which I saw, by far the best was *The Nativity* (Associated-Rediffusion, again). For the visual element in this, a number of paintings by old masters, mainly Flemish, were displayed—or rather, explored, for they were not shown whole, as stills, but brought to life by sensitive camera analysis. A hovering Dove, a lily in flower, the hands of the Madonna clasped in acceptance: cameras moving gently, never restlessly, over one canvas after another enabled us to see such details more vividly and more closely than they are seen by most of those who "do" the galleries containing these pictures. (Only colour, of course, was lacking.) Meanwhile, the detail was matched, with remarkable exactness, by a reading of extracts from the Gospel narrative and rich polyphony from the Brompton Oratory (the clasped hands coinciding with "Be it unto me according to thy word" and Mary's visit to Elizabeth with the singing of the Magnificat).

The BBC would probably have allowed more than the twenty minutes which was all that ITV could spare for this programme, but the quality could not have been better: it was a creditable enterprise, imaginatively carried out. In the announcement that followed, there was even a plug (presumably free) for the National Gallery.

One fundamental difference between the two channels is, indeed, that time seems to be the servant of the BBC, the master of the commercial programmes. It is not so much the show as the advertising spot that *must* go on. If sound radio were commercial, we should never have had a whole uninterrupted hour of such daring and literate fun as Peter Ustinov's and Peter Jones's maritime burlesque, *All at Sea*; this was on the Light Programme at 9 p.m. on Boxing Day.

To some extent the fiction is still maintained that precise times are not guaranteed to advertisers. In at least one case, this leads to a curious reversal of the expected situation. Many intelligent viewers say (with slight exaggeration) that Mr. Betjeman's Shell commercials, *Discovering Britain*, are the *only* thing on commercial TV that they want to see. But the advertisements of this series in the *TV Times* each Friday may announce only that the item will be on "between 8 and 9 p.m." So, whereas viewers have to sit through most commercials to see the programmes they like, conchologists have to sit through *Dragnet*, and perhaps some of the *Hylton Half-hour*, to be sure of their Betjeman brevity.

Other commercials noted recently, with pleasure or displeasure, include "Relax with MILK," a beautiful pattern of pale hands and bubbles and Mr. Havinden's celebrated galactic script; the Mobilgas flying horse, faint echo of a Freudian dream; a delicate cut-paper silhouette, surely by Lotte Reiniger herself, for Black Magic chocolates; and an Idris cartoon containing, with questionable taste, a comic Negro servant.

Moralists might censure the Knight's Castile movie which shows a girl, shrewd enough to use this soap, being therefore picked up in a train by an RAF officer and (apparently) accompanying him to Paris for the week-end. Yet a still photograph of this anecdote has been used, without offence, to illustrate newspaper advertisements of the soap. If it moves, it shocks.

Unrelated to each other in content as programmes and commercials are, there are occasionally quaint accidental juxtapositions. Careless viewers of a detective thriller may have been puzzled by a sudden shot of footprints in the snow: these had been made, as we soon learned, by a man who had just come home from work with a bad cold and needed—was it Aspro or Anadin? How awful not to be sure, next time one is in the same plight. . . . Again, the climax of a particularly meaty Western, with bodies falling like ninepins, was interrupted by an effervescent female voice gurgling, "Veal cutlets make a simple, attractive dish. . . ."

On the whole, though many commercials are trite, irritating, or unconsciously comic, and few reach the Shell or Milk standard, they do not sink so low as the programmes at their worst; and the lowest thing in any programme, on vision or on sound, on ITV or on the BBC, is sometimes the humour. Not many of the jokes are crudely indecent: wit might excuse that. But they have neither elegant wit nor slapstick robustness.

Mr. Derek Roy has now, for a time, moved over to pantomime from *People Are Funny*; he is missed by millions or at least by hundreds of thousands. For his last programme he had coined a roguish phrase to crown his own japes with: "Aren't we tinkers!" When he had just sent off another pair of innocents to invade the house of some total strangers, he cried: "Believe

The Political Quarterly : Special Number

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me, we've broken up more homes than Roger the lodger!"

A lot of this gagging is so slipshod that comedians—no doubt schooled in the living theatre, with its nightly reiterations—forget that viewers expect new material at each performance. On two Saturdays running Mr. Roy made the same joke: "We've had special banknotes printed, with pictures of Marilyn Monroe on them . . . so that you can kiss your money goodbye."

By a coincidence which would seem strange in any other walk of life, another comedian made another equally excruciating joke, two Sundays running, about another conspicuously mammilliferous actress. A moratorium on jokes about Miss Monroe and Miss Sabrina would be the best New Year resolution for TV comics.

TOM DRIBERG

Irma Kolassi, at the Wigmore Hall

The 83rd concert of French music at the Wigmore Hall brought us a highly accomplished soprano from Athens who has settled in Paris. Irma Kolassi's records have already attracted favourable attention here. The voice has the dark colouring and slight reediness of the Eastern Mediterranean, most agreeably combined with a vivid intelligence and an ardent if scrupulously controlled temperament. Unlike some interpreters of French song, Miss Kolassi is never tempted to sacrifice a steady vocal line to the claims of the text. Her singing of Debussy's *Le Promenoir des Deux Amants* was as firm as a drawing by Ingres, yet the atmosphere of veiled, sensuous melancholy was clearly conveyed. With similar skill, and without noticeably altering the individual timbre of her voice, she was able to reflect the changing moods of Milhaud's sadly neglected *Poèmes Juifs* and Ravel's Greek Folk Songs. The approach of her partner Jean-Michel Damase, a sympathetic but not invariably accurate accompanist, was by contrast impressionistic, quite lacking, for instance, in the definition required for the piano part of two exotic songs by Roussel. This composer's fastidious taste could with advantage have served as an example to Mr. Damase for his own Theme and Variations, in which sentimental and trivial commonplaces succeeded one another for what seemed an interminable period of time.

R. C.

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Correspondence

FREEDOM AND BEAUTY

SIR,—"Which does the good Labour man dislike more—natural beauty or individual freedom? Neck and neck, I suppose." I read these words in A. J. P. Taylor's "London Diary" just after attending a ceremony at which the freedom of our borough was conferred on four "good Labour men"—and one good Labour woman—who had completed 21 years' continuous service on the council. Amid the humdrum essential tasks of local government, performed in surroundings not notably blessed with natural beauty, these councillors and their colleagues have never failed to cherish and extend whatever beauty could be found. Improvements in the parks here, an attractive street garden there, the care of trees, well-laid-out recreation grounds, unfailing encouragement to horticulturists and bird-lovers—all these activities are, no doubt, small beer to Mr. Taylor, working amid the loveliness of Oxford: yet they spring from a conviction, imbedded in our Labour councillors' political faith, that people desire not only decent material standards but grace and beauty as well. All this, moreover, has been done in a borough with slender resources and against a background of nagging from the fortunately small number of citizens who want every public service to be as cheap and nasty as possible.

As to individual freedom, several of our councillors have in the past suffered acts of tyranny, from landlords, employers and governments, which a younger generation can scarcely believe. Strengthened, but unembittered by these experiences, they tackle, with sympathy and a real regard for human rights, the many tricky problems besetting a council which is a considerable landlord and a large employer of labour.

The service of our five new freemen has been outstanding in length and scope: but, as they would be the first to agree, it is not unique or even exceptional in kind. Throughout the country there are thousands of "good Labour men"—and women, young and old, working to enlarge the freedom and beauty in the lives of others and unperturbed by the fact that they have escaped Mr. Taylor's notice.

House of Commons. MICHAEL STEWART

CIRCUS CRUELTY

SIR,—Mr. Brophy's letter poses a recurring problem for those who, like myself, love both animals and circuses. My abhorrence of cruelty to animals would equal his, but at the same time I think one has got to be very clear as to just what is cruel and what is not, and it needs great experience of particular species, and individual animals, to know this. Anyone interested in this subject may like to know of a book called *The Psychology and Behaviour of Animals in Zoos and Circuses*, by Dr. H. Hediger, Director of Zurich Zoo. Towards the end of this book is a chapter devoted to the training of animals for circus acts, and it would seem from this that no physical cruelty, nor, in my opinion, mental cruelty, is used. The trainers' methods are based upon very close study of the animals' psychology and the biology of the species; and (with lions and tigers particularly) on knowledge of what Hediger terms the "flight reaction distance" (I have no space to summarise it here) and of each animal's "social" position within the group it is working with.

I think the point really is that there are good circuses and bad circuses, and due to the vigilance of the R.S.P.C.A. there is an ever-decreasing amount of cruelty in the country. (The case of the gentleman in Blackpool is, of course, horrible, and I would like to know if it was ever followed up by the authorities.) The real problem is that of the "conditioning" of animals before they are bought by trainers, and this is where, as Mr. Brophy says, facts are difficult to obtain. Certainly I have always understood that a good trainer obtains his animals before they are adult and that all initial "taming" is done by himself, as he needs to know each animal intimately and train it in his own way to fit in with the others in the group. Moreover, I cannot see how an animal which, through cruelty, has developed a fear of man, can be any use as a circus performer as it will be unreliable and dangerous. I don't believe that the animals one sees in the ring of a well-run circus are "conditioned into a state approximating to automation." All the more intelligent animals "show off" just as children do, and appreciate admiration and encouragement in the same way. A good circus act will be an extension of the animal's natural abilities and will be æsthetically satisfying for this reason. The animal will be doing, on the apparent command of the trainer, many of the things that it would do in its wild state, with, say, planks and tightropes taking the place of trees, and stools of rocks, etc., the timing, grouping and direction being imposed by the trainer. One point to remember is that animals kept in captivity are easily bored and must be given things to do.

Mr. Brophy writes of the bewildered misery in the eyes of performing animals, but I am not convinced that this is necessarily so. It is notoriously difficult to interpret an animal's expression unless one is well acquainted with the species. I had a nice example of that only last week, when a good lady, stroking my cat by my front gate, told me the animal was hungry because it was looking up at her (apparently) piteously and miaowing. I know that my cat sits and miaows at people all morning, in the hope that they will stop and stroke her, and, if offered food, probably wouldn't touch it. But other people are constantly misinterpreting her behaviour.

FAITH JAQUES

Flat 5, 34 Barkston Gardens, S.W.5.

HOMOSEXUALS AND SOCIETY

SIR,—From the press reports of the B.M.A. memorandum on homosexuality one would suppose that it was only those men who are unlucky enough, or unwise enough, to fall into the hands of the police upon whom the present state of the law bears hardly. It is remarked that there are practising homosexuals in parliament and other high places as though this were surprising. There is a commonly accepted fallacy that all homosexuals are effeminate and obvious, and that they are especially attracted to certain professions. Both these opinions are contrary to what little evidence is available. It is probable, if not certain, that homosexuality is fairly evenly distributed throughout all levels of society, and has been so in all ages. Its greater or lesser apparent prevalence at different levels and at different times is due solely to the degree of tolerance obtaining, more or less, in those times and places. Thus in certain fields such as e.g., the theatre, where tolerance is greater, it is less necessary for a man to wear a mask. It is true, of course, that some whose effeminacy places them beyond concealment are attracted to work in spheres where concealment is less necessary. An actor, dress designer, writer, or musician is not likely to be ostracised by his colleagues because he is known to be "queer." Could the same be said of bank managers, civil servants, clergymen or schoolmasters, for example? The fact is that there are thousands of men who look no different from anyone else, who dress quietly, live sober lives, perform their social duties and try to give offence to no one. It is upon these that the law presses so heavily. These are the potential victims of blackmail and assault. Dr. Claxton suggests that religious conversion is the answer to this problem. I maintain that this is a quite unrealistic view. There are few individuals of sufficient quality to be able to direct their total sexual energies into "good works." Most people need to live a life which includes the companionship and understanding of another person, and a fairly regular sexual life. The so-called normal man obtains these benefits through marriage. Does Dr. Claxton suppose that all homosexuals are so much better than the normal that they can pursue the way of sanctity, or so much worse that they must be treated as felons?

It has further been suggested that homosexuals tend to be loyal to one another first and to employer or country second. While this may be true of a few, it is certainly a gross exaggeration. It is said that homosexuals give their own kind preference in office where it is possible for them to do so. This may to some extent be true. Other minority groups such as Freemasons, Rotarians, Roman Catholics, Jews, etc., do the same thing. It is not always undesirable, but becomes so when the minority is a persecuted minority. In this case the group feels that it has a

genuine grudge against the persecuting majority; and thus place filling may take an anti-social turn if a member of the minority prefers one of his own group over a man who would be better at the job. In this connection consider the position of a homosexual in one of the "respectable" professions. Forced always to live a lie, is it any wonder that the judgment of such a man might be unduly biased if he were presented with the opportunity of working with someone with whom he could, at least to some extent, relax. The remedy is, surely, to cease the persecution.

The B.M.A. refers to homosexuals in the church, parliament and elsewhere. This has been taken up with the usual salacious gusto by the popular press. It might be added that the medical profession too has its quota of inverts. I myself know a number of them, and thank God that there are such men to whom the harassed can turn for advice, in the knowledge that they will not have a spurious "cure" or the virtues of "sublimation" thrust down their throats but will, instead, be helped to accept themselves and the strictures at present placed upon them by society without resentment. Some people are by this means enabled to lead reasonably normal lives, who might otherwise have been driven to suicide or into the underworld of surreptitious vice. Most homosexuals do not belong to this underworld and loathe it as much as does the rest of society. Corruption and blackmail are, in fact, encouraged by the very measures which seek to root them out.

A. B.

MENTAL HEALTH

SIR,—In his ardour for scientific rectitude, Professor Oldfield has perhaps unwittingly, conveyed a rather misleading impression of my evaluation of the potential contribution of the academically trained experimental psychologist to the study of mental disorder. I would, therefore, appreciate the opportunity of correcting this impression.

In the first place, Mr. Oldfield's complaint that I use dubious and confused terms seems to be beside the point. It does not seem to me necessary to spell out in detail, to readers of the NEW STATESMAN, the meaning of such terms as "scientific" and "academic."

In the second place, I agree with Mr. Oldfield that the public should not be misled into over-estimating the powers of the psychologist. On the other hand, the public should be informed that psychologists have, in the past 50 years, developed some sophistication of experimental method and that a considerable quantity of data has been collected about such processes as learning and perception. Consultation of a good and up-to-date text book will amply confirm this point.

In the third place, the public should know that we have not yet had the opportunity of determining the exact relevance of all this to psychiatry. We have small beginnings in the form of the use of conditioning in the treatment of enuresis and writer's cramp. There are claims in the literature that the principles of learning can be used to ameliorate neurotic disorders, and that the principles of learning might be used to improve the behaviour of chronic psychotic patients. We also have the beginnings of fundamental research into the nature of mental disorder. It seems to me that it is to the public interest that this kind of work should be developed energetically, if it were only to result at first in the exact definition of the main areas of ignorance.

In the fourth place, I think it should be made clear that working clinical psychologists have come to the conclusion that a training in "pure" psychology is not sufficient for work in the clinical field. Specialised post-graduate training is also necessary. Such training has already begun to develop in a few places and its importance is underlined by a recent memorandum on "Post-graduate training in Educational and Clinical Psychology" produced by the British Psychological Society.

In conclusion, I would like to emphasise that I am not saying that the experimental psychologist has ready to hand a number of panaceas for mental disorder. My only argument is that in view of the large social cost, both directly and indirectly, of mental disorder, it is necessary to foster the vigorous development of an experimental science of abnormal psychology, and that an examination of the present state of experimental psychology warrants active steps being taken to promote such a development.

Institute of Psychiatry, M. B. SHAPIRO
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VIRGIN BIRTHS

SIR,—In reply to Professor Folley, there are at least two series of experiments on rabbits in which virgin births are claimed. In one (Pincus, *Journal of Experimental Zoology*, 82 pp. 85-130) eggs removed from female rabbits were artificially activated by several methods and transplanted into other females. Of 615 eggs, two gave full-term female young of which one was born dead. Fifteen others were born alive, and Pincus himself with admirable self criticism raises the question of whether another explanation for these is possible.

In the second series (Pincus and Shapiro, *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* 26 pp. 163-165) one oviduct of a rabbit was cooled. One of 16 rabbits thus treated bore a living daughter.

If spontaneous virgin births were common occurrences there would be no point in asking whether the special advantages of human beings for certain types of biological observation could not be exploited for their discovery. These advantages are not often emphasised to humanists, but, for example, man is one of the two species for which we have estimates of spontaneous mutation rates, and we have learnt far more about the biochemistry of gene action from the investigation of human beings than from any other animal. Also, as women are adapted to bear one young at a time, an isolated example of parthenogenesis could have a pregnancy more normal than would be possible in any of the small laboratory mammals.

"Grafting between a child and its mother" means at least one graft from child to mother *and* one from mother to child, as "correspondence between Smith and Robinson" means a series of letters written by Smith to Robinson and by Robinson to Smith. I should expect a graft from child to mother, but not from mother to child, to take. Hence I did not write of "grafting between child and mother" and object to Professor Folley attributing this phrase to me. As he does not withdraw this attribution, I am a little sceptical of his "pretensions to critical standards," to use his own phrase, on the weighing of evidence.

If this correspondence leads to a repetition of Pincus's experiments, I shall be delighted. But in view of the rarity of the successes claimed, one would have to apply the cooling technique to at least 300 female rabbits without success before one could claim a negative result significant by the usual statistical test.

Department of Biometry, H. SPURWAY
University College, London.

CENSORED RECORDS

SIR,—In the course of a recent piece of research for a TV programme into the trial of Queen Caroline in 1820, I accidentally stumbled on a circumstance which is, I think, of some importance to all historians. In the Public Record Office, there were three "bundles" of documents covering the years 1804 to 1820. The three were not, I think, strictly chronological, since the third and last bundle contains matters referring to the whole period. In this third bundle, there are some interesting revelations—such as Castlereagh's "most private and confidential" instruction to his spies in 1816 to try to discover things against Caroline (that is to say, two years before the date officially admitted). But the matter of importance is that, in the July of 1933, the first two bundles were, apparently by order of Buckingham Palace, removed from the Public Record Office.

Presumably they are now among the Windsor archives to which access is somewhat more difficult than to the Public Record Office. In fact, when I inquired, I was told it was very unlikely that I should be allowed to see them.

This matter, though not perhaps important in itself, deserves ventilation because of the principle involved. HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

193 Sussex Gardens,
W.2.

and quiet flows the Don . . .

One of the illustrations to a short novel recently published in Soviet Literature

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Bridie : The Plays and the Man

In *James Bridie and His Theatre** Mrs. Bannister, a friend and admirer, has written a book for Bridie's many other friends and admirers. She is too admiring, too affectionate, too close to her recollection of a most lovable character, to offer us much criticism of any value. Because she claims too much for him, she fails to disengage and then light up his own peculiar virtues as a dramatist. Thus, she tells us "he was a born story-teller." Now this is just what Bridie was not, as he once ruefully confessed to me. He had no gift for story-telling, never mastered the economy and structure of narrative. And if his best plays succeed in spite of this handicap of his, then he must have had, as indeed he did have, remarkable qualities to make up for this deficiency. So we are all the more ready to do justice to such qualities when we do not endow him with others he never even pretended to possess.

Not that there ever was much pretence about Bridie. Though of course he did for some years pretend to be James Bridie, the impudent new Scots playwright, when he was really still Dr. Osborne Henry Mavor, consulting physician to the Victoria Infirmary of Glasgow. Later, I feel, he *became* Bridie, so that Dr. Mavor turned into a fading secondary self. But this Mavor-into-Bridie, the middle-aged doctor sitting up at night to write his plays, does help to explain a certain obvious element in his theatrical work and personality, an element that hindered his full recognition for some time. For if Dr. Mavor had to be responsible, Bridie could please himself and cock a snook. So this massive man, essentially modest, serious, deeply and selflessly devoted to everything good and true in the Theatre, assumed an air of defiant wilfulness, of clever medical-student impudence, of brilliant amateurishness, that deceived too many people too long.

Again, this wayward figure moved uneasily between Glasgow and London. He never settled down to be a Scots dramatist, working entirely in a new national theatre largely of his own creation. On the other hand, he never followed Barrie's example, never lived in London, never attached himself completely to the London Theatre. Moreover, coming so much later, he never had a long and loyal association with a manager, as Barrie did with Frohman. Management problems were far trickier in the Thirties than they had been earlier. Bridie flitted, never quite happy about it, from management to management, so that nobody had a continuing interest in producing him. All this partly explains why his reputation was not as solidly established as it ought to have been. We must remember, however, that he started late, and died at sixty-three. Had he been with us, still working, his rich nature still mellowing and ripening, we would have seen a rapid growth of his fame and legend.

Actually in his work, though capable to the last of dashing off something just for a lark, he was less impudently wilful and wayward—less given to mere "flyting" in the Scots tradition—than he wished to appear to be. Because he started late, out of a very different profession in which he had won decent recognition, because he was at heart both proud (in the best sense) and shy, and dramatic criticism is more ruthless and damaging than any other sort, he made use of this appearance to cover certain defects while trying hard to remedy them. He had a lot of ideas, some of them not good; he was impatient and quickly lost interest in work that did not fulfil its first bright promise; and often he wrote too quickly and refused to have any second thoughts about a hastily finished piece. (Let me add he was not alone with these faults; I know another only too well.) Even so, he worked harder and longer, and revised more often, than he pretended to do. But he became the victim of his *persona*, the critics too often taking him at his word, telling him he was not taking sufficient trouble to write a sound last act, more than hinting he was careless and lazy.

These critics missed the point. It is true that Bridie created brilliant and memorable scenes and then time after time failed to produce a satisfying whole play. (If novels had to be at least as good at the end as they are at the beginning, how few would succeed!) But this was not from lack of patience and application, not from failure to reach the ordinary professional standard of competence. It was usually because Bridie was trying to do something very difficult to bring off successfully in the narrow naturalistic form preferred by most of our playhouses. It is a form admirably suited to a frugal-minded playwright with a trick of neat contrivance. But Bridie was like a tailor cutting awkwardly because he is using a rich brocade and not grey flannel. He was trying to cram a large loose mind and a large loose play into the narrow space of our convention. He was no born story-teller, but he nearly always wanted to tell much more of a story than most contemporary playwrights try to handle. There is enough dramatic stuff in one or two of Bridie's failures to keep neat contrivers like Mr. Rattigan and Mr. van Druten successfully going for years and years. True, they succeed in doing what they attempt to do, whereas often he failed. But let them try what he was always trying—and see how he dwarfs their efforts.

Perhaps if he had had no other profession, had come to the Theatre earlier and spent more time backstage, had not been so long a late-night author in a surgery, he would have been able to abandon the naturalistic convention, in which he was always bursting the seams, and would have discovered for himself a new form of dramatic writing peculiarly suited to his needs. (There are signs of it in his later work for the Scottish Theatre.) This is what Brecht has done for himself, and Brecht, with some help from comrades everywhere, is now enjoying an international reputation that Bridie, with a richer mind and personality, never achieved. As it was, Bridie was doomed to be frequently disappointing, especially to those critics and playgoers who are more impressed by tidy construction than by the brilliance or depth of individual scenes. But when he found both a theme and a manner that allowed him to work with some ease within the limitations imposed by the conventional form, ranging from *A Sleeping Clergyman* to *Tobias and the Angel*, we are compelled at once to recognise his size and weight and originality.

Though many of his plays may have left us feeling confused and dubious, his best scenes—and they might occur anywhere—are blazing triumphs. At certain moments of heightened debate, the kind of scene in which Shaw excelled, Bridie at his highest pitch seems to me to excel Shaw. He is both as pointed and as eloquent; he may not have as much wit but he has more humour, a richer and warmer tone; and his characters appear to exist more in their own right than Shaw's. (But Bridie himself always declared that Shaw was undervalued as a creator of character.) Like a good Scot in the old tradition, he comes up roaring if there is a chance of a theological argument, and, even in a lighter piece like *Mr. Bolfry*, can make some of it memorable. At the Malvern Festival in 1938 he and I were contributing new plays. His was *The Last Trump*, and I remember it seemed one of his sketchiest jobs, even though the production was obviously under-rehearsed. But I also remember, and think I will never forget, though all else seemed a Highland ruin, one brief scene in Act One in which an old heart specialist is examining a fat, soft, rich man. (Cecil Trouncer and Frank Pettingell were the players.) I can still hear, across seventeen murderous years, some of the old doctor's stabbing phrases—"What you are now—a pitiable bladder of bloodshot lard—is the consequence of a life of gluttony and sloth" . . . and . . . "Otherwise you wouldn't have arteries like a mouldering heap of rusty drain-pipes."

Bridie of course was very much a Scot. There seems to me far more of Scotland in his work than in Barrie's; at least, more of the masculine genius of the nation. (Where these two come near to common ground is where all good Scots writers come within sight of one another—in that dark place haunted by the devil.) His most popular woman character, Lady Pitts in *Daphne Laureola*, is very English; and Dame Edith made us believe in this magnificent madwoman, though nobody could make me believe in that Soho restaurant. There are signs in his later plays that the feminine principle was at work in him at last—yet another reason why we must regret his comparatively early death—but the bulk of his drama is essentially the creation of a male Scot, happiest, as Mrs. Bannister has to admit, away from the women, in a club when the bores (it can happen) have gone home. And this masculinity, however much it may give strength, humour, edge, to a scene, is not good for business in the fashionable playhouses. He saw it himself in one of his earlier prefaces:

> The Patrons and Dictators of the Theatre are not Tired Business Men, but their wives, daughters and lady friends. This is an axiom, and it must never be forgotten by anyone aspiring to make his mark on contemporary drama.

He was explaining why *The Black Eye* failed.

* *James Bridie and His Theatre*. By WINIFRED BANNISTER. *Rockcliff*. 25s.

And notice how in this play he makes his chief character break through the picture frame: a small experiment; enough to irritate the conventional critic, not enough to interest the critic in search of experiment; but proving his impatience with the severely naturalistic form.

In trying to sketch Bridie's work against a wide and stately background of World Theatre, I may have given, to those who never knew him, a wrong impression of the man himself. In the Foreword to this book, Mr. Eric Linklater, one of his intimates, testifies to the mixture in him of sheer goodness and indomitable gaiety. He was a massive man, looking dour among strangers, who nevertheless had something elfish in his composition. He was a shy man yet capable of destroying solemn occasions with a splendid impudence, wonderful high spirits. He was often delighted by what he had done—and quite right too—but was refreshingly free from that cold, hard vanity which is one of the curses of our trade. Unlike nearly all the successful dramatists of the previous generation, he schemed and laboured and begged to reform the Theatre, to leave it wider open to younger men.

He and I were supposed to be rivals and competitors, but, perhaps partly because our approach to the Theatre was much the same, we were in fact the most amiable colleagues, close friends. In November, 1950, after giving a Stevenson Centenary address in Edinburgh, I crossed to the Clyde to stay yet again with Bridie. We had to discuss a scheme for sharing a famous old theatre, with a new play each and two stars, during the 1951 Festival season. He had been ill, I knew, but now seemed better, and we motored around, staring at the old liners waiting to be broken up, we played billiards, we sat up and talked. Only one thing was new, strange, sad: I could not make him catch fire about the 1951 scheme; and soon, bewildered, beginning to feel something was wrong, I said no more about it. And when I understood why he cared no longer, I was in the wrong place. Two months later I was in Arizona when the news came he was dead, and, with nobody to talk to who would understand what that meant, I went to my bungalow, opened the only bottle of good Scotch for miles and miles, and shared it with my memory of him. And ever since, I feel, the Theatre has seemed only half the size, half the fun, it used to be.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Epigrams

ON CHILDREN

How dull our days, how lacking in surprise,
Without these small epitomes of sin,
These flowers with their store of life within
And grave, appalling freshness in their eyes.

SEA FRONT

How many faces raddled and afraid,
How many faces opulently petty,
With Poms and corns have hobbled this parade,
Eternity unwatched beyond the jetty.

ON AN EPITAPH BY KALLIMACHOS

Some have conceived these ancient tears as cold,
Made faint by time, innocuously old.
But you have found, and all who mourn like you,
These clear, Greek tears unalterably new.

FRANCES CORNFORD

After the Vote

The British General Election of 1955. By D. E. BUTLER. *Macmillan.* 24*s.*

Elections and Electors. By J. F. S. ROSS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 42*s.*

Mr. Butler's book, produced with great speed after the General Election, is the fourth in the series of studies of General Elections sponsored by Nuffield College. Why is it, on the whole, a disappointing book? Is it that he and other electoral specialists have got into something of a rut with their swings, their cube laws and their national pattern, and feel compelled at all costs to defend their statistical apparatus against local variations and unfulfilled prophecies? Partly, but of course the main reason why the book is disappointing is that the election itself was disappointing. Mr. Butler rightly begins his survey:

> The general election of May, 1955, was, by universal consent, unprecedentedly quiet. The ritual of electioneering was performed passionlessly by the politicians and endured tranquilly by the voters; and the outcome was as unsensational as the campaign.

This judgment is reflected on every page, and Mr. Butler can hardly help giving the impression of being nearly as bored by the election as were the press, the Party workers, the voters—and some, at least, of the candidates.

As a chronicle of the election, the book gives a fair and reasonably full account of the campaign in the press, on radio and TV and in the constituencies, three more or less representative contests being selected for special study. It is with some of Mr. Butler's conclusions that disagreement begins. His mind appears to be dominated by his assumptions about the effect and the irresistible nature of the national swing. Thus it is hard to persuade him, even on the evidence of key marginal divisions, that any candidate is worth more than 500 votes. He is equally sceptical about the importance of Party organisation. On the basis of the sketchiest subjective evidence he clearly regards inter-Party differences in electoral efficiency as a minor factor in the results. This is certainly not the view of those who have recently conducted a fairly intensive inquiry into the organisation of the Labour Party. While I would not regard a deterioration of organisation as an explanation of the loss of seats *compared with* 1951, and while organisation was certainly not the main factor in Labour's electoral defeat, there can be little doubt that between 30 and 40 more seats could have been won if constituency party organisation had been reasonably efficient.

Where I think most practical politicians would take issue with him is his disagreement with the view that "the changes in the results were not due to conversions from Labour to Conservative but to the fact that more Labour voters stayed away from the poll." His argument that it was a genuine swing and not a differential abstention which explained the election results is supported by nothing more convincing than a statistical table which fails to find a correlation between the "Swing to the Conservatives" and the "Median drop in turnout." Few who took an active part in the election would agree with this and certainly the evidence of 350 Labour Party agents before the Organisation Inquiry Committee confirmed that the election was lost by those who stayed at home. Despite Dr. Gallup, none of the canvass returns I have seen showed any significant number of 1951 Labour voters who supported the Conservatives in 1955. There were more who moved the other way.

The pattern of the election was, in fact, accurately foreseen in a leading article in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in April—before the Prime Minister announced the date of the dissolution. That article said that the fate of the election would depend on the relative success of the two parties in getting their committed supporters to the polls. How far Labour's relative failure was due to organisation, how far to the apathy produced by a feeling of economic contentment and the absence of a sense of clash between the major parties, may be a matter of opinion. What is clear is that now the Tories have shown their hand, an immediate election now would see less apathy among committed Labour supporters *and* a swing, in Mr. (David) Butler's sense, to Labour. Unfortunately Sir Anthony Eden's successful timing caught Labour at its weakest and was early enough to enable the Conservatives to continue to pose as supporters of the Welfare State. As one of the more honest Tories, Sir Ian Fraser, said during the Committee Stage of the Finance Bill,

> it would be very unfortunate for the Government if we had an election now, but we do not choose to, and thank God, we do not have to. That is the whole point. It shows what good sense there is in our political system.

Mr. J. F. S. Ross's *Elections and Electors* is, even more than his *Parliamentary Representation*, published seven years ago, a compendious work of reference, rather than a book designed to be read as literature. No other study dissects the working of the electoral system so thoroughly, or so tediously. Its 24 charts, supplementing its 100 statistical tables, go into such details as the number of Conservative women candidates defeated by Labour men in a straight fight, the number of Labour women defeated by Conservative men in a straight fight, the number of Labour women placed second and third in three-cornered constituencies, and the proportion of "man-woman partnerships in two-member constituencies."

Analysis apart, Mr. Ross's main preoccupations are with the problems of minority representation—including electoral costs—his advocacy of "a civilised electoral system," his dislike of the two-party system, of the two main parties in general—and the Labour Party in particular. No student of the electoral system should be without his book: few, however, will wish to read it.

HAROLD WILSON

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The Sailor's Friend

The Plimsoll Mark. By DAVID MASTERS. *Cassell.* 18*s.*

The conventional portrait of Samuel Plimsoll shows him as a devout and single-minded reformer, struggling against odds to make British ships safe for the men who sailed in them, consumed by compassion for the sailors who were sent to their deaths by money-grubbing shipowners, and spending his energies and his money selflessly in the cause he made his own. Yet his character was more complex, and less admirable; Disraeli was not far wrong when he described him as a "Moody and Sankey in politics, half rogue and half enthusiast . . . one of those characters who live by pandering to passion and fall into an enthusiastic love and admiration of themselves." These words, it is true, were written in 1874, when Plimsoll was embarrassing the government by his campaign, but Dizzy's judgment still stands in its essentials. Whatever his virtues, whatever his achievement, Plimsoll was a self-deceiver, a liar when it suited his purposes, and a demagogue who stole another man's idea to mark himself out from the ruck of undistinguished back-benchers in the Commons.

Plimsoll, in fact, was a Victorian captain of industry who got side-tracked. His career reads like a chapter from Samuel Smiles—early poverty, the need to support his family after his father's death, his first ventures into capitalism as a shipper of coals to London by rail, near-disaster, his marriage into a family of mineowners and ironmasters, the lucky patent on methods of transhipping coal at railway depots, and the steady income that gave him independence for the rest of his life. He might easily have built all this into an industrial empire; he chose instead to go into politics.

In 1867, the year before Plimsoll entered the House, James Hall, a Tynemouth shipowner, had started a campaign to reduce the loss of life and property at sea, due to overloading and the despatch of ships in an unseaworthy condition. The losses were indeed appalling. Between 1864 and 1871 more than 15,000 ships were lost. And Hall was doing what he could, not merely to show how the losses might be prevented, but also to enlist the co-operation of his fellow shipowners against dishonest and callous owners. At a meeting in February, 1870, Hall outlined the problem and its solution in terms so comprehensive that Plimsoll never did much more than add detail to Hall's argument: Plimsoll, who was sitting in the audience, saw his opportunity to do good and make a name for himself at the same time. And he quite simply stole Hall's campaign from him. The talents that had served him well in business were now harnessed to a crusade. No one will deny that Plimsoll was a brilliant if unscrupulous organiser; if he could make his case, he did not mind abusing confidences, libelling honest men who were as anxious as he was to end the shipping abuses, and making wild accusations based on hearsay. But he got things done, and though his motives and his methods may be questioned, eventually the load-line (or Plimsoll Mark) became law, and ships were prevented from sailing if they were demonstrably unseaworthy.

For fighting this campaign through to a finish, Plimsoll deserved much credit, though there is something rather nauseating about the way he preened himself as "The Sailor's Friend." And though he often spoiled his case by exaggeration and inaccuracy, the state of the merchant navy in the early Seventies was more than enough to move any compassionate person to a fury. Good business sense and morality, as so often in the Victorian era, gave the impetus to reform. Consider merely the law which faced many seamen with a choice between prison and the risk of drowning. Once a man had signed on, he had to sail with his ship or go to jail for breach of contract. True, the law provided that local magistrates might detain a ship if it was unseaworthy or lacked a proper crew, but the seamen were not allowed to give evidence on their own complaint. As one of many examples of this kind, Plimsoll cited the 1873 case of the *Wimbledon*; twelve men were sent to prison for ten weeks for refusing to sail when the ship was overloaded and making water fast. More men were signed on. Five of them left the ship and chose jail. Ten more men came into court the following day; five more appeared two days later. By that time even the Cardiff magistrates realised something was wrong, and ordered that the ship should be surveyed. In too many other cases, men were drowned because they would not go to prison and were forced to sail to their deaths.

This is a lively and comprehensive biography, though Mr. Masters has the abominable trick of inventing conversations and telling the reader what goes on in the minds of people. For instance, he writes:

> Eliza Plimsoll . . . felt hopeful that a long voyage would aid his recovery. "We can go over to Germany and see how the Act is working out," he said. She promptly agreed. There was nothing she wanted more than to get him away. . . . She felt sure. . . .

Why spoil a good biography by turning it into fiction?

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Elizabethan Pro-Consul

Mountjoy: Elizabethan General. By CYRIL FALLS. *Odhams.* 21*s.*

The sub-title is misleading. Certainly Mountjoy was a "General"; but the Elizabethans knew little of the drab fetters of specialization, and this life is no more a work of purely military history than a life of Sir Philip Sidney would be a study purely for the literary historian, or one of Sir Christopher Hatton predominantly for the lawyer. Mountjoy was typical of so many sixteenth-century courtiers: cadets of noble houses, their patrimony dissipated by sumptuary extravagance and unwise investment, they scrambled at court for the offices and farms which alone could save them from ruin. He belonged to that brilliant, avaricious, unstable group which looked to Essex as its leader; but while possessing, as a youth, all the beauty which was a sure passport to success at the court of Elizabeth and her successor, he rapidly gave evidence also of a military and administrative ability which gained him the security of responsible office and saved him from the disaster which overwhelmed his friends in the closing years of the reign.

Mountjoy was a soldier, but so were all the Elizabethan courtiers. He trailed a pike in the Low Countries under Norris; he served on the *Rainbow* against the Armada; he went with Essex on the romantic and useless Islands Expedition; but so did most of the adventurous young nobles of England. Equally he was a theologian, a scholar, and a book-collector of renown. He devoured military literature with a diligence which the Queen found rather absurd; but when he went, in 1600, as Lord Deputy to deal with the problems which had so signally defeated Essex in Ireland, his character, as painted by Captain Falls, was less that of a professional soldier than that of a gentle, valetudinarian humanist.

> His ideal had now become a retired life in a fine house, where he could entertain his friends in beautiful rooms full of beautiful things, enjoy his garden, take the air on a well-paced hack, go fishing, play cards and shovel-board at night, and devote the rest of his time to his library.

Indeed it was his prudence as an administrator and diplomat, as much as his purely military ability, that brought Tyrone's rebellion to an end, sent home the Spanish expeditionary force in English vessels with honourable terms, and enabled a peace to be concluded which did everything possible to reconcile the choleric Irish chiefs. Perhaps he was the first example of that pro-consular pattern—scholar, statesman, soldier—which was to recur with such fortunate frequency in British—as indeed in French and Spanish—imperial rule.

Captain Falls always writes with charm and scholarship. This is not among the most weighty and original of his works, but he has written none which reads more pleasantly or shows a firmer grasp of every aspect of his multifold subject. One can only regret that so distinguished a student of war should have let himself be fobbed off with such useless, though pretty, maps.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Mr. X's Gadgets

The Hidden Catch. Based on the experience of Mr. X. By CHARLES CONNELL. *Elek.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Those of us who spent a greater part of the last war in Hitler's prison camps have good reason to be grateful to the organisation which supplied ingenious gadgets to aid escapes, thus raising the morale of thousands of prisoners. For, though few reached home, many got outside the wire, a trump card in the great game of keeping the occupants of the *Kommandantur* in a state of hopping madness. And now we have the memoirs of Mr. X, who himself invented many of the cunning contrivances and directed their operation; such as stylish magnetic fly-buttons which rotated to form a compass, fountain-pens which held no less than five compasses, maps, dyes and pills, flying-boots which could be cut in half to form walking shoes and waistcoats, luminous ping-pong balls for the guidance of aircraft, steel saws in bootlaces, concealed maps and money, and all the other gear hoarded by prisoners against the opportunity of making a break.

Mr. X's gadgets are rather more to my taste than the memoirs composed on his behalf by Mr. Charles Connell. His varied career included a spell in the Royal Flying Corps during the first world war, a thorough grounding in all branches of the newspaper world under the aegis of Lord Northcliffe, and subsequently the directorship of a film company's publicity. He also appears to have had a slightly mysterious connection with the catering business. This enabled him to anticipate the war by filling his garage with marmalade and jam, which in due course were exchanged for silk, steel and other materials in short supply. That he was incredibly fortunate in his operations may be gauged by the following anecdote, which can have lost nothing in the telling.

One day in the park Mr. X was accosted by an unknown member of his West End club (called here for security reasons Mr. Bravada), who owned to an admiring interest in Mr. X's gadgetry. No sooner had Mr. X confided his vain and anxious search for non-rustling paper, upon which to print maps, than he was led to a luxurious office, "less than a mile from Piccadilly," where he was struck by "a huge painting of a reclining nude." At the same moment the nude swivelled on her hinges and revealed a "magnificent chamber" in which were "half a dozen lovelies, *chic* and streamlined," manoeuvring midget ships "upon wide expanses of deep blue." Many of these ships, Bravada explained, carried enemy diamond-smugglers, but, realising that Mr. X was more immediately concerned with non-rustling paper, he went on to inform him that a Japanese vessel laden with pulp suited to his peculiar purpose could be diverted to Dover. Sure enough three days later Mr. X rolled out of London with a convoy of three-tonners, and collected the loot. If any addict of William Le Queux feels that he has been here before, I can only say that I have myself perused maps printed on non-rustling paper provided by Mr. X's organisation.

This book will appeal to those interested in the mechanics of escaping. Interspersed among much that is over-dramatised and highly-coloured is factual information upon many devices of extraordinary ingenuity, and there are two excellent accounts of escapes, one of which

involved a young officer in travelling four hundred miles attached by wire to the underside of a railway goods wagon. The author is at some pains to point out that his narrative does not involve any breach of security, in so far as all the gadgets described were finally known to the Germans or have subsequently been described in the Press. Nevertheless it will provide a handy compendium for enemy security officers of the future, for the escaping literature of World War I was required reading for the security staffs of the camps of Nazi Germany. It is to be presumed that a book such as this has been given clearance by authority. I wonder upon what system it was decided that Sir Basil Embry might be mentioned by name, Mr. Bravada by a pseudonym, the "Chief Librarian" of the British Museum by a misnomer, the Headmaster of Rugby by his title, and by circumlocution only "the greatest V.I.P. of them all . . . an elderly gentleman smoking a cigar."

A. N. L. MUNBY

The Unmarried Princess

La Grande Mademoiselle. By FRANCIS STEEGMULLER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*

Mademoiselle de Montpensier, known at the Court of Louis XIV as *La Grande Mademoiselle*, was a figure of international importance in her day. She might very easily have been Queen of England: our Charles II repeatedly proposed to her, and James II later wanted to marry her. Yet in England, owing to our insular repugnance to learning French, we hardly know her name. Her autobiography, which has long been available in four fat, fascinating volumes, remains a sealed book to many a highly educated Englishman because it has never been translated for his benefit. Now Mr. Steegmuller in this admirable biography takes pity on our ignorance and brings *La Grande Mademoiselle* out into the daylight. He does not venture to translate the entire text of the *Mémoires*: that would have been a labour of Hercules. We must forgo the complicated amours and intrigues among the hive of courtiers who buzzed round Louis XIV which Mademoiselle faithfully recorded. But he has picked out and condensed whatever Mademoiselle says about herself and her own personal affairs; and, whenever possible, allows her to tell her own story in her own words—translated, I am sorry to say, into Anglo-American.

Mademoiselle was a Bourbon princess of the highest rank and the richest woman in France. Henri IV was her grandfather, Louis XIII her uncle, and her father, Gaston d'Orléans, was for many years heir presumptive to the throne: her enormous fortune came direct to her from her mother who died at her birth. In appearance she was tall, with blue eyes, ash-blonde hair, until it began to go grey at the age of thirty, a long face, bad teeth and a big beak of a nose. (The illustrations in the book, except one, are flattering portraits by Court painters and unreliable: they have taken the hook out of the nose.) But in her position looks were of small importance. She was healthy and upstanding; and good breeding stock was what counted among European royalty, where far too many female hunchbacks were in circulation. From the moment she reached puberty, by every princely calculation, it was evident that she was one of the most desirable matches in the world—and she herself thoroughly agreed with her suitors. Why, then, did she never marry? She gives two explanations in the *Mémoires*: that she was so intoxicated with her own grandeur that she would only accept the most exalted of reigning sovereigns, the Emperor of Austria, the King of France or the King of Spain; and that by bad luck and owing to the international situation she never had a firm offer from any of these three. Still, she had twelve others to choose from including the King of Portugal, the Duke of Savoy and two Kings of England: and none of these proposed husbands would have disgraced her. The truth may well have been that she was temperamentally averse to marriage and reached for any plausible excuse to evade its trammels. She hated *galanterie* (the polite term for the whole gamut of heterosexual enterprises) which was the whole-time occupation of most nobles at the French court. She had a romantic nature above such frivolity, fortified by a mannish disposition. War was the subject she liked to gossip about, not love-affairs: and on one occasion during the battles of the Fronde she personally ordered the cannon in the Bastille to be fired at the King's troops, thereby forfeiting her chance of being Queen of France. Following his policy of letting Mademoiselle do all the talking, Mr. Steegmuller accepts her superficial excuses for not marrying and refrains from probing into her psychology except in the mildest way. He may not have consulted Bussy Rabutin's *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*, where he would have found a ribald but possibly more plausible reason for Mademoiselle clinging to her maidenhood.

At the age of forty-two, however, Mademoiselle abruptly changed her mind about wedlock. She became infatuated by the charms of the Comte de Lauzun, a dapper little Gascon nobleman who had wormed his way into the innermost circles at Court, and asked Louis XIV's permission to marry him. On a Monday the King said yes: on the following Thursday, after a horrified hullabaloo among the clergy, the nobility and all his Bourbon relations at the prospect of such a *mésalliance*, he withdrew his sanction. La Grande Mademoiselle paid for those three days of delusive happiness with twenty ensuing years of misery. It is hard for any one, even a king, to forgive those to whom he has behaved badly. Louis XIV incarcerated Lauzun in a fortress for ten years for his presumption; and Mademoiselle had to hand over the bulk of her fortune to Louis's bastard son in order to bail out the man she adored. By the time he was released Lauzun had brooded over his wrongs in his dungeon and had learnt to detest poor Mademoiselle. The sad story holds a lesson for all Princesses who wish to marry beneath them. Either act fast, before the opposition has time to mobilise, or not at all.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Lofty Matt

Matthew Arnold. By J. D. JUMP. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Matthew Arnold. By KENNETH ALLOTT. *Longmans, for British Council.* 2*s.*

Matthew Arnold. Edited by KENNETH ALLOTT. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

As to religion, Matthew Arnold thought Christianity would soon have to get along without dogma; he even imagined that science and Higher Criticism would destroy belief in the supernatural altogether, among educated people. As to literature, he refused to allow that Dryden and Pope are poets in the true sense: they are without "soul." Chaucer is not among the English classics because he lacks "high seriousness." Donne is not worth considering. And so it is hard to be sure what Mr. Allott means when he describes Arnold's sensibility as "modern" and insists that "his stock—of feelings, wishes, anxieties and so on—is quite up to date." Of course, Arnold was a melancholy man, but his dislike of the world as he found it was very unlike ours. He had no sense of catastrophe, no regard for the energetic talents of evil. He analysed the troubles of men in negative terms—as under-education, starved imagination, privation of sweetness and light. And this is a reason why Arnold's poetry is in the dumps with most modern critics while writers with an extravagant feeling for calamity just round the corner—Kafka, for example—have had their reputations inflated for them.

Mr. Jump is one modern critic who believes that the traditional valuation of Arnold's poetry is much too high. He brings two charges against it, and there is a measure of truth in both; it is academic, and it is escapist. Both charges are very familiar because the first was brought by Mr. Eliot many years ago, and the second by Dr. Leavis. Nor can I find anything to catch the eye in Mr. Jump's elaboration of them. There is some exercise of personal judgment in his singling out of *Dover Beach* as Arnold's "one great poem"; but his study of *Dover Beach* is unexciting and in any case he has a disconcerting way (for a modern critic) of throwing the word "great" around: Addison is counted with Dryden and Johnson and Coleridge among Arnold's "greatest predecessors" in criticism. Mr. Allott also rests on authority in his assessment of the poems; Henry James's note on Arnold's power to touch "the particular ache, or regret, or conjecture" is his leading text, and he quotes Auden with approval (Arnold "thrust his gift in prison till it died") to account for his virtual abandonment of verse in middle age, arguing that the prose-moralist found it his duty to suppress the poet of pessimistic genius; and so Lofty Matt triumphed over the Dandy Jeremiah. The advantage of Mr. Allott's position over Mr. Jump's is that it is not founded on limiting factors and it gives him a better chance of doing the most important job, which is to grapple with poetry of obvious and individual distinction.

On the other hand, Mr. Jump's short account of Arnold's life is admirable, and of Arnold's critical work, informative and just. These merits seem to spring from intelligent sympathy with Arnold's moral and social preoccupations. The famous statement, "A poetry of revolt against moral ideas is a poetry of revolt against *life*; a poetry of indifference towards moral ideas is a poetry of indifference towards *life*," is a fair summary of Mr. Jump's own attitude, as also of Dr. Leavis's and of those who follow him. Mr. Allott, who seems uncommitted to any contemporary point of view, is less inclined to regard Arnold as a Literary Officer of Health. In one respect he underestimates him, when he

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directs us for evidence of his quality to "selected pages of literary criticism." Arnold was capable of sustained writing—I am thinking particularly of his Homer lectures and the essays on the English romantic poets—so decisive in judgment, and yet so bland, that we easily forget what an achievement it was to convert his own insight into our commonplace.

JOHN JONES

New Novels

The Courts of Memory. By FRANK ROONEY. *Bodley Head.* 15*s.*

The Darkness of the Day. By ROBERT COATES. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Pack. By JOHN ROWAN WILSON. *Heinemann.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Snow on the Pine. By MACDONALD HULL. *Hammond.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The perils of American adolescence in fiction (this, I am afraid, is not a very seasonable batch) are notoriously grave. Incest, rape, seduction and betrayal of all kinds, every imaginable form of violence and licence, topped off with the universal alcoholism, combine to form an atmosphere as heavily doom-laden as that of seventeenth-century tragedy. You wonder how the nation survives. Mr. Rooney's contribution to the literature is not so chillastic as some, but his general picture is fairly sombre—and over-full.

The narrator of *The Courts of Memory* is Dick Griffin, a young native of Los Angeles, son of a moderately well-to-do timber merchant. He has an older brother, hearty and military with a dash of brutality, and a slightly older sister, Brace (*sic*), a beautiful spirited girl with a powerful personality and a nice line in clownish outspokenness. Brace has an enormous influence over Dick, and we are, presumably, meant to divine that she is really the great unconscious love of his life. Apart from a symbolic wound, or sore, in Dick's leg, which Mr. Rooney has rather too blatantly borrowed from poetic stock, the first part, between the wars, mainly about family relationships, is vivid and most promising. Mr. Rooney can write very well and his dialogue is particularly good. But when his characters are grown-up he doesn't seem to know quite what to do with them. Dick takes to the bottle and goes first into the family business, then into the army. Brace has two unsatisfactory marriages and a spell in a nursing home, after which she goes to stay with Dick, married at last, and a father, with the intention of helping to look after his children, but drowns herself, instead. She is intended to be one of those noble lost souls, nature's aristocrats, too honest, too generous, too sensitive, but as her author's invention flags, so one tires of her. It is a very long book; there is any amount of necking and copulating and boozing and passing out, and a legion of minor characters; and it is all far too uneven and shapeless to be said to have come off. Nevertheless it is far more worth reading, for its first third, than most.

The Darkness of the Day, also doom-laden, is much shorter, simpler, more in the nature of a *tour de force*. It is about the strange obsessional courtship and marriage of Anton Cormois, a New York piano-tuner of Bohemian origin, with Edie, a little waitress, who has been married once before and left with two children. "Why did the marriage fail?" Mr. Coates asks more than once, as if he were not quite confident in his characterisation. But, in fact, the breach, if not the tragic and utterly disastrous circumstance which accompanies it at the end, seems satisfactorily inevitable. Anton is dangerously fussy and paranoid; Edie capricious and irresponsible; on top of which there is the difference in their ages and their hopelessly unsatisfactory friends: his hearty good fellows, her gigglers. It is a sad, curiously timeless little story that seems to be happening, far away, to tiny figures viewed through the wrong end of a telescope filled with hot water. There is a certain affinity with Simenon, though I think the masterly Belgian squalorologist would have told it in half the number of words.

Were I the manager of a fiction factory, I should try to organise the writing of a series of novels by doctors and surgeons about hospitals. There is, I am convinced, a large public which can never have too much medical documentary fiction. Mr. Rowan Wilson writes quite nicely and clearly and the first chapter of *The Pack*, with Philip Selwood and his fiancée, Pamela, waiting in the main hall of the Royal College of Surgeons, for the results of the F.R.C.S. examination, raised my hopes very high. I read on fascinated and horrified, by the nexus of hospital politics revealed as Pamela's father, the distinguished surgeon, blatantly rigged Philip's appointment as his Registrar. (Is there, incidentally, so much unemployment in the medical profession? A case for investigation here.) Once established at a hospital, however, Mr. Wilson allows Philip's attention to be distracted from the theatre—we only get one op—by the tangled private affairs of Dr. Mola, a Catalan anæsthetist woefully down on his luck, and a drug-taker into the bargain. The contretemps in which Mola involves him is not altogether convincing. I would have preferred more hospital background, more patients, and many more nurses. Even so I devoured every word. Mr. Wilson, who is, I understand, or at any rate has been, a surgeon, will no doubt be able to gratify my appetite further.

Snow on the Line is also readable documentary, and about an even more alarming subject: the occupation of Japan and its failure to democratise. The hero is an American captain (the author is not himself American but was in Japan during the early period of the occupation) who falls in love with his pretty interpreter. She is so fervently democratic and so co-operative that he makes splendid progress in ferreting out knots of resistance of the old regime in his sector. It sounds Hollywooden, but further developments are not at all wishfully thought. The interpreter is a Communist and gets hideously beaten up by the Japanese secret police as soon as these have been re-established. The end is all too bitter. Characters, and construction here and there, may be a bit stiff, but the background is nicely detailed and you get an impression of total sincerity, however inconvenient.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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BALLET

Ballet: A Decade of Endeavour, edited by A. H. Franks (Burke, 18*s.*), and *The Ballet Annual*, edited by Arnold L. Haskell (Black, 21*s.*), are both anthologies of information and opinion. They consist of bits and pieces by experts, generally about events within recent years, and in spite of a snipped, patchwork quality, there is much interesting material. Mr. Franks covers his decade with solid intelligence, his own contributions being among the best. Dancers and dances from the important companies are discussed in detail, with outlying matters such as television, homosexuality and criticism. Mr. Haskell is a more superficial editor, in that he does not set out to question deeply, but skims the surface of events. His book is a ballet journal for the year 1954-55, with appraisals of such famous artists as Genée and Markova, Matisse and Derain. The most intriguing article is a sketch of Constant Lambert by Michael Ayrton which, despite its self-conscious style, stands out as a perceptive and imaginative portrait. Cyril Beaumont has added to his standard *Complete Book of Ballets* with *Ballets Past and Present* (Putnam, 21*s.*). This includes nearly fifty modern productions and certain ballets of the nineteenth century which research has uncovered. Soviet, Danish, French and American works are included, each with the detailed scenario at which Mr. Beaumont excels. All these books are illustrated with photographs and prints.

More amusing than the dryly expressed anxieties of the post-war ballet world, seem the lives of the Parisian ballet-girls in the Eighteen-Fifties, which Ivor Guest records in *The Ballet of the Second Empire* (Black, 25*s.*). There are many quotations from contemporary criticism, chiefly Théophile Gautier, and a charming description of an examination at the Opéra by Ludovic Halévy. It chiefly concerns the ballet productions at the Opéra and the famous dancers who were there from 1847 to 1858: Grisi, Cerrito, Saint-Léon and Rosati. It is an amusingly written book, full of a gossipy fascination.

A. F.

MUSIC

The *Festschrift* presented to a famous writer by other writers is a Continental rather than an English institution, and Herbert van Thal is to be complimented on his editorship of *Fanfare for Ernest Newman* (Arthur Barker, 21*s.*). Neville Cardus describes the great man's impact on the world of music during the past fifty years, and the remaining papers are particularly strong on opera, including a scholarly and witty piece of research on Bizet's *Ivan IV* by Winton Dean, lively accounts of Meyerbeer by Martin Cooper and of Donizetti by Edward Dent, and a delirious recollection of provincial French opera in the Twenties by Philip Hope-Wallace. *Opera Annual* (John Calder, 21*s.*), edited by Harold Rosenthal and now in its second year, is largely devoted to Mozart. It seemed a good idea to elicit contributions from many famous Mozart singers and conductors, but it must be confessed that, like most performers, they have little to impart but thinly veiled self-glorification. The volume includes much useful miscellaneous information, and is lavishly illustrated by photographs smudgily printed on matt paper.

A valuable addition to the *Master Musicians* series is H. F. Redlich's *Bruckner and Mahler* (Dent, 9*s.* 6*d.*), which presents as briefly as possible the differently depressing life-histories of the two men, and contrives to say in small space much that is illuminating about their music, now slowly coming into fashion with the English listener. Dr. Redlich presents a coherent and intelligible, though already it seems not quite up-to-date, account of the confusing textual muddle of the Bruckner symphonies; on Mahler he is eloquent, without losing his critical balance and taking refuge in cloudy abstractions, as do so

many writers on this composer. The double volume will undoubtedly help the English beginner to thread his way through huge works which are forbidding only in their bulk, and often naively endearing in detail—there is at least this point of similarity between the two composers.

The immense *Symphonies of Joseph Haydn*, by H. C. Robbins Landon (Universal Edition & Rockliff, £6) is for the specialist: a glorified Köchel catalogue covering one department of Haydn's still uncharted output, packed with scholarly detail and furnished with chapters on the performance of Haydn's music, on his development as a symphonist, and on many cognate matters, including long contemporary accounts of Haydn's two visits to England. It is interesting to find that Mr. Landon, though he lists 134 doubtful or spurious symphonies, allows only three genuine additions to the canonical 104; one of these is lost; another, in B flat, his own discovery, is here printed as a miniature score and contained in a pocket of the cover. The book is an imposing achievement, the full value of which only a few other Haydn scholars are competent to assess. Lastly two reference books: *Music Lovers' Encyclopedia* (Macdonald, 25s.), organised in a rather haphazard way and written mainly from an American angle, but readable and full of things hard to find elsewhere; and Percy Scholes's marvellous *Oxford Companion to Music* (Ninth Edition, Oxford, 63s.), completely reset for the first time in its long and valuable career and as before a model of skilful arrangement and clear, lively, often highly amusing prose. One feature only is to be regretted: the obstinate retention of the hideous imaginary portraits of composers by Batt. The other illustrations are admirably chosen.

D. S.-T.

Gramophone Notes

With the perversity that accompanied him through life Berlioz loved to cast his works into ambiguous forms, so that his *Damnation of Faust* falls uncomfortably between opera and oratorio. On the gramophone this hardly matters: there are some consumptive patches in the music, but elsewhere no awkwardness impedes our enjoyment of the strangeness and beauty of this treatment of the famous story, which is second only to Busoni's. The first LP recording (**HMV) is thrillingly successful in every respect. The Faust (David Bolcri) and the Mephisto (Martial Singher) characterise their parts without impairing the admirable quality of their singing, and Suzanne Danco, despite a certain shrillness and lack of warmth, never fails in artistry. The orchestral playing (Boston SO/Münch) faithfully reflects the conductor's imaginative conception of the music. Verdi's *Don Carlo* is, gramophonically, a tougher proposition, but the semi-complete set (the Introductory scene and the Auto-da-fé are omitted) proves, by and large, remarkably enjoyable (*HMV). Gobbi's Rodrigo towers above the rest of the cast; but Filippeschi's Don Carlo, though his high notes sound pinched, is otherwise not half bad, and the Elisabetta of Antonietta Stella has real beauty of tone, with some lovely soft phrases at key moments, though elsewhere her singing betrays lack of control. Elena Nicolai (Eboli) lets down the side by vagueness of pitch, and Boris Christoff's Philip II is too Russian in style and too constantly vociferous, though he makes amends in Act 3. This and Act 4, which contain by far the best music in the opera, are also the best sung and they are complete on ALP1291 and 2. The orchestral playing is good, but the balance favours the singers unduly and the recording as a whole is unsuited to small gramophones.

The single disc of excerpts from Walton's *Troilus and Cressida* will delight anyone who liked this most efficient romantic opera (**C.). The passages chosen comprise some of the hero's and heroine's music in Act 1, the whole of the love duet in Act 2 (including the wonderful dawn passage with the trio of horns), and Cressida's two scenas in Act 3. Richard Lewis sings with passion and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf makes us long to hear her in the part at Covent Garden. This is a most beautifully engineered record. So is Fischer-Dieskau's long-awaited version of Schubert's *Winterreise* (**HMV), which shows how this singer's interpretation of tragic Lieder has deepened and mellowed in tone in recent years. True, he cannot often manage lightness or humour; but these qualities are not needed here, and in the piano part, which is so much more than a mere accompaniment, Gerald Moore rises to inimitable heights.

A new coupling of Bach's Cantatas No. 161 ("Komm, du süsse Todesstunde") and 202 ("Weichet nur, betrübte Schatten") make a very satisfying record (*N.). In the first of these, which is among Bach's profoundest things, Hilde Rössl-Majdan and Waldemar Kmentt sing calmly and are well contrasted; in the second, which has an opening section of almost romantic beauty, Anny Felbermayer is admirably cast. Unfortunately the balance is not always right: in the passage just mentioned the oboe solo is overlaid by the strings; otherwise the recording is agreeable. No. 202 has two rivals; perhaps the best of all is the Danco version (D.), though it is not ideal. Also recommended: Wolf: Selected Songs (Toll. *N.). Dylan Thomas: Selected Poems (Richard Burton. A.).

Furtwängler's version of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony (HMV) is a perplexing affair, for, while the last three movements are a splendid example of this conductor's sensitiveness to orchestral texture and the shaping of a significant phrase, the opening Allegro seems to me an almost total loss. What are we to make of a pulse so dreadfully limp, of so extreme a slowing-up at the mere sight of the "feminine" subject, of a general conception, in this most wilful movement, so overpoweringly sleepy? The recording, moreover, made in the Bayreuth Festspielhaus, is cloudy and the timpani in I are insistently heavy. Thereafter matters improve considerably (notice the artful way in which the D major theme of the Adagio steals in), and although the first statement of the tune in IV is dragged, Furtwängler then whips up the speed and keeps the movement going steadily to the end. The soloists are a better team than usual nowadays, and the chorus sounds extremely well.

Arthur Rodzinski, conducting a pseudonymous orchestra, achieves very impressive performances of Dvorak's New World Symphony (*N.) and Shostakovich No. 5 (**N.). The Toscanini recording of the former still holds the field, for it is conceived in his grandest style and the string tone is much fuller than in the Nixa disc; but in the Shostakovich, for which he has a great reputation, Rodzinski easily beats his rivals, and the strings sound much better. Horenstein's (V.) reading of the symphony is not inferior to Rodzinski's, but the important flute solos, the brass and percussion in the Finale, are so magnificently brought out in the new disc that criticism falls silent. This is an easier work to put across nowadays than Strauss's *Also sprach Zarathustra*, for which contemporary critics seldom have a good word. Yet, besides the inevitable cleverness, in itself a source of pleasure, and the composer's all too obvious interpretation of Nietzsche's pretentious poem, there are passages of true romantic eloquence in this elaborate and overscored music. The most recent recording (Chicago SO/Reiner. **HMV) is an astonishing achievement from all points of view, and the fill-up, the Dance from *Salome*, outdoes even the Beecham version in ecstatic abandon.

Those who have already bought one of the existing issues of Balakirev's *Thamar* will be vexed at being told that the most recent (Philharmonia/Matacic. **C.) is a long way the best; but so it is. This very able conductor manages the earlier climaxes in such a way that he still has something in hand for the final one; and although the episodic, Lisztian construction can so easily make for lapses of the listener's attention, the phases of the work are in this case firmly held together. Also included on the disc are the same composer's *Islamey* (in Casella's rather too expensive orchestral version) and the charming tone poem, *Russia*. The recording is marvellous.

Otto Klemperer is in a class by himself—a G.O.M.—and anything he records is worth collecting. To couple Hindemith's ballet suite, *Nobilissima Visione*, with Brahms's *St. Antoni* Variations is, I cannot help thinking, an ineptitude; but the grandeur of the results, in both cases, would be hard to deny (**C.). The Hindemith is perhaps that uneven composer's most deeply satisfying orchestral work, full of beautiful and appropriate tunes and far removed from his *Gebrauchsmusik*. It is admirably played. Klemperer conducts the Brahms as if returning to a first love. He brings out to the full the richness of the scoring and gives to each variation the individuality of a human being. Though not as dramatic as the Toscanini version, this is the one with which I would choose to live. It is pleasant to be able to report that the LP transfer of Tippett's Concerto for Double String Orchestra (Philharmonia/Goehr. **HMV) has enormously improved the quality of the tone; but it was penny wise to have backed it with a dubbing of the now very old Philharmonia/Lambert issue of Rawsthorne's Symphonic Studies, which sound very tarnished and gramophony. This fine piece deserved to be remade. Also highly recommended: Mozart: Symphonies No. 35 (Haffner) and 36 (Linz) (RPO/Beecham. **Ph.).

I have been campaigning for years, in a mild way, on behalf of Mendelssohn's String Quartets, which have been persistently ignored by our companies. Now, from America, come two excellent examples—Op. 12, No. 1 in E flat, and Op. 44, No. 1 in D major (*N.). The first is full of adolescent poetry and high spirits (it contains the famous Canzonetta), the second is rather more conventional in feeling and the first movement overworks its material; none the less, it is a most agreeable piece of chamber music. The Curtis Quartet play with verve, a good sense of style, and fine, homogeneous tone, though not always as accurately as one could wish. The same ensemble offers two quartets by Schumann—Op. 41, No. 1 in A minor and No. 3 in A major (*N.). Though less well liked than No. 3, No. 1 is worth getting to know, and the performance in both works is very persuasive. Not, however, quite as much so as Monique and Guy Fallot's account of Fauré's two Cello Sonatas, Op. 109 and 117 (**D-T.). These late works of a master to whom

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old age brought, not the eclipse of passion, but an ever deeper capacity to express it with classical economy of means, are not superficially appealing; but to know them well is to make friends for life. The playing is strong and tender, excellently recorded. In a complete recording of the second book of Debussy's Preludes (**C.) Gieseking shows himself once again the greatest living master of the impressionist style, and the engineers have done him proud.

* * *

It is not easy, after nearly twenty years, to bid farewell to the readers of this column. But everything must have an end: after so long a time a change of attitude—to music, to recording and to performance—can be no bad thing, and I have full confidence that the much younger critic to whom I am handing over will approach his material with a greater alacrity, a more stimulating freshness of view, than I can pretend to at this time of day. I commend his words to your attention and wish him well.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Grimaldi. By RICHARD FINDLATER. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 21*s.*

Grimaldi was not only the prototype of all English clowns; his life-story, with its born-in-a-trunk beginning, its crescendo of applause from the gallery, its Moments with the Great, its riotous and tearful farewell appearances and its inevitably obscure and poverty-stricken end, is the prototype of all stories about clowns. What a splendid film it would make—a kind of *Prospect Before Us* with all of Georgian London for a background!

Mr. Findlater, whose technique owes much to Sir Arthur Bryant, fails only when he attempts the impossible task of explaining why Grimaldi made so many people laugh so much. The scraps of dialogue which he quotes are most unfunny, and it is difficult to describe slapstick in a manner that does not repel. The illustrations, however, are enough to make us wish that someone would revive a genuine pantomime in place of the anæmic variety shows with which we are fobbed off on Boxing Day. And what about some of the other Regency entertainments, like *Raymond and Agnes, or the Bleeding Nun?* In the meantime, anyone interested in the theatrical past at its rowdiest should take steps to acquire this book. It is highly readable, and evidently based upon much solid research.

P. W.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,349

Set by John Pomfret

The usual prizes are offered for a rhyming prophecy for 1956. Limit 16 lines; entries by January 10.

Result of No. 1,346

Set by Naomi Lewis

Prizes are offered for seven consecutive index entries to one of the following manuals in the "Be Your Own Teacher" series: *Good Taste, Virtue, Reviewing, Solvency, Statesmanship, Wit, Abstinence.*

Report

In spite of some fretful misreadings of the terms by Chapter-Heading addicts (who take their stand at the *other* end), the genuine Index-fanciers soon rose to the surface—those connoisseurs who promptly turn to the volume's final pages and linger there for hours savouring the contiguities, while others are drudging flatly through the text. *Lambeth, lambency, Lamia, lampreys, Lancet, lard.* . . . Pibwob's manual on Virtue provided some characteristic instances:

BISHOP: examples to imitate . . . to avoid . . . reactions to episcopal humour . . . lapses, . . . anathemas . . . Aprons, their significance in legend and fact . . . Gaiters as an aid to uprightness.

BLUSH: indication of guilt . . . of modesty . . . of blood pressure . . . How to distinguish . . . how to induce . . . how to prevent.

So did Michael Fox on Abstinence:

SAKÉ: see Hara-Kiri, reasons for.
SALTED PEANUTS, see LICENSEES, ruses of.
SALVATION ARMY, how to join, pp. 123–126.
SAMSON, his abstemiousness, p. 146; its astonishing results, p. 147.

Standing on the brink of so much good counsel, the setter laments only that these edifying handbooks, so tastefully introduced by the six prize-winners below, and by the honourable runners-up (E. T. Scheffauer, Austin Baker, John Digby, Mikal Rode, Philip Kershaw, Arkasha, Colin Prestige, Bernard Smith, D. A. J. S.) are not available for our more resolute competitors' New Year study.

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G. J. BLUNDELL

The Chess Board

No. 326. Tarrasch—My Hat!

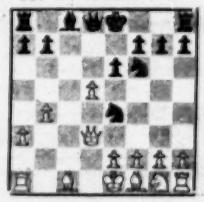
That's what Willy Winter might have said when, to quote his own words, "Tarrasch did me the honour of sitting on my hat for three hours while he analysed an adjourned game." Winter claimed to have worn that hallowed hat for ever and ever; and while I do not remember seeing him with any hat at any time, it is a sad thought indeed never to see that bearded face again nor to hear that rasping voice holding forth authoritatively and lucidly at the hotel-bar after a twelve-hour day of Chess at Hastings. Here's how, exactly nineteen years ago at Hastings, he trounced Koltanowski with very neat precision.

(1)	P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(14)	P-B5!	P-KKt4
(2)	P-QB4	P-KKt3	(15)	P-KKt4	R-B2
(3)	Kt-QB3	B-Kt2	(16)	Kt-Kt3	B-KB1
(4)	P-K4	P-Q3	(17)	R-B2!	Kt-Kt2
(5)	P-KKt3	0-0	(18)	B-KB1	B-K1
(6)	B-Kt2	P-B3	(19)	R-R2	P-QR4
(7)	KKt-K2	P-K4	(20)	P-KR4	P-R3
(8)	P-KR3	B-K3	(21)	P x P	RP x P
(9)	P-Q5	P x P	(22)	Q-B3	R-Kt2
(10)	BP x P	B-Q2	(23)	Q-R1!	Kt-Q2
(11)	0-0	Kt-K1	(24)	R-R8 ch	K-B2
(12)	B-K3	P-Kt3	(25)	Q-R7	K-K2
(13)	P-B4	P-B3	(26)	Kt-R5	resigns

Winter is assured of his niche in chess history as the author of a good many useful books, such as *Chess for Match-Players* and *Kings of Chess*, to say nothing of his excellent Yates-biography. As a player, apart from winning the British Championship more than once, he was unabashed against the most formidable opposition. His last-round draw against Botvinnik at Nottingham 1936 is all the more creditable, since to his redoubtable opponent the extra ½ point would have made all the difference between sharing or winning the first prize. Here is a very pretty game Winter won against Drewitt in their match of 1929.

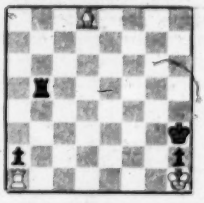
(1)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(16)	Kt-K5	Q-K3
(2)	P-QB4	P-K3	(17)	B-R6	KR-K1
(3)	Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	(18)	P-B4	P-B4?(P-B3!)
(4)	B-Kt5	B-K2	(19)	R-B3	B-KB3
(5)	P-K3	QKt-Q2	(20)	R-Kt3	B-Kt2?(B x Kt!)
(6)	Kt-B3	0-0	(21)	B x B	K x B
(7)	R-B1	P-QKt3	(22)	P-KR4!	Q-Q3
(8)	P x P	P x P	(23)	P-R5	R-K3
(9)	B-Q3	B-Kt2	(24)	K-B2!	Q-R6
(10)	Q-K2	P-B4	(25)	R-KR1	Q x BP
(11)	0-0	P-B5	(26)	P x P	P-KR3
(12)	B-B5	Kt-K5	(27)	R x P!	K x R
(13)	B-B4	Kt x Kt	(28)	Q-R5 ch!!	K x Q
(14)	P x Kt	P-Kt3	(29)	R-R3 mate	
(15)	B x Kt!	Q x B			

A: W. Winter 1938

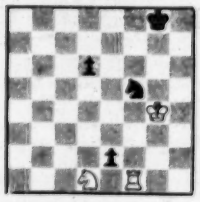


The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position achieved by Winter with the Black pieces. How did he force the issue rather neatly? Both **B** and **C** are well known endgame studies, not too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively. White to draw in both of them.

B: F. Dedrle 1933



C: H. Mattison



Usual prizes. Entries by January 9.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 323. Set December 10

A: (1) Q-Q8 ch, K x Q. (2) B-Kt5 ch, K-K1. (3) R-Q8 ch, K-B2. (4) P-K6 ch, K x P. (5) Kt-B4 ch, K-B2. (6) Kt-K5 mate.

B: (1) B-K5 ch, K x B. (2) P-Kt7, R-Kt1. (3) B-Kt3, R x B ch. (4) Kt-B3, R x Kt ch. (5) K-Kt2, etc.
if (1) . . . K x P. (2) B-B2 ch, etc.

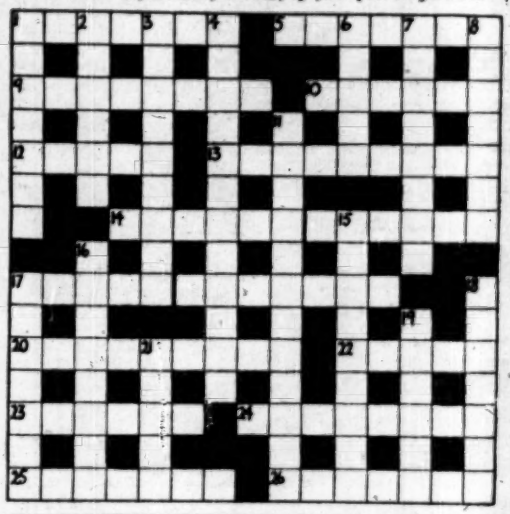
C: (1) Kt-B4, Q x P ch. (2) Kt-Kt2 ch, K-K5. (3) Q x R!, Q-R7 ch. (4) K-B2, Q-Kt8 ch. (5) K-Kt3, Q-B7 ch. (6) K-R2, etc.

An easy lot and plenty of correct solutions. Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay-Smith, K. Beaumont, J. Cameron, J. S. D. Drysdale, E. Giles, J. Mitchell. Many correspondents sent friendly seasonal wishes which are sincerely reciprocated.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 185

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 185, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Jan. 10.



ACROSS

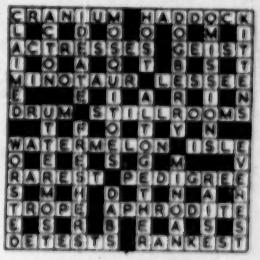
1. With a final alteration this doctrine would be material for history (7).
5. The beginner is to go to the bottom (7).
9. Craft for the girls in disguise (8).
10. The lady to feel unhappy when we are absent (6).
12. It signifies possession and is concluded by one who gets the property (5).
13. Weapons thwart civil gestures (9).
14. Short periods with the fairies alter egos (6, 6).
17. Rationing would not do for the Long Parliament (5, 7).
20. No ammonia has ingredients sufficient to build up an unreasonable interest in it (9).
22. Undresses back to front for bed (5).
23. Warning to skaters? (6).
24. In an instance of a title being reformulated a returning soldier has to go to law (8).
25. Bureaucratic shortcoming with insufficient material to be repeated (7).
26. Is irritating but not quite useless (7).

DOWN

1. Count up where the money goes on a plaything (7).
2. Rough but carpeted? (6).
3. Cut across breaking its centre to pieces (9).
4. Covered as Crosby and Hope once were (12).
6. Parts of the army which have not quite enough material for their tunics (5).
7. Devils are scattered about so disappear (8).
8. Opposes, but among the most popular overtures is Tschaikovsky's *1812* (7).
11. Blame may appear to mend no action (12).
15. Girl starting to make a home in Ireland (9).
16. Meant to study the famous (8).
17. Group of students from the marines (7).
18. Fish which 22? (7).
19. Happen to a note in an instrument (6).
21. Place for enthusiasts, it provides an amusement when there is no following (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 183



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 183

V. Jennings (Reading), C. G. Guest (Edinburgh), P. Poulard (Thornton Heath).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for the post of Head of the School of Social Studies to begin duties on October 1, 1956 or as soon thereafter as possible. Salary not less than £1,900 a year with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by January 14, 1956.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Social Administration. Salary not less than £550 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. The person appointed will be required to undertake research and to assist in the supervision of practical work as well as in the ordinary teaching duties of the Department. Applications should be sent not later than January 18, 1956, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Applications are invited from suitably experienced women for the appointment of Resident Assistant at The Working Girls Hostel, 136 Westcotes Drive, Leicester, which accommodates 12 girls of age 15-21 years. This responsible post will afford wide experience in the care of young workers of varied attainments and interests. The vacancy has arisen as a result of promotion. Salary £320×£15 to £365 p.a. less £108 p.a. for board and lodging. Application forms from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester.

THE Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, London, E.2, requires a Medical Secretary (shorthand-typist, preferably with some knowledge of medical terms) and an Almoner's Clerk/Shorthand Typist, for interesting work connected with social and hospital services. Starting salary from £285 p.a. (age 21) to £320 p.a. according to age and experience, on scale rising to £420 p.a. in each case. Apply in writing to Secretary.

PERSONAL assistant required by Managing Director for temporary period of three months only. University education, high intelligence required. Box 1624.

EDITORIAL Assistant for Postal Courses Department. Magazine, etc. Ability to type will be an advantage. Commencing salary, £450-£550. Three weeks' holiday. Superann. scheme. 38½-hour week. Apply J. P. M. Millar, Gen. Sec., National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

MILFORD Chest Hospital, Godalming, Surrey. Student Nurses (male and female) required for two year's training for the State Preliminary Examination and Certificate of the British Tuberculosis Association. Training grant £245 first year and £255 second year, less £113 for full board, residence. Uniform provided. Bonus of £60 payable at the expiration of two years' B.T.A. training. Hospital transport connects with rail and 'bus services. Apply: The Matron.

RESIDENT hostess required, Swiss lakeside resort. May-Sept. Simtours, 28 Southampton Street, W.C.2. TEM. 1845.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIENCED, enthusiastic kindergarten teacher (preferably Froebel trained) wanted Easter or Summer for recognised independent co-educational School, Hampstead. Pleasant working conditions.—Scope for initiative. Burnham Scale London allowance. Write Box 1888.

CAPABLE woman, preferably graduate with some secretarial and commercial experience, required to administer building department of London firm with continental interests. Fluent German and good French preferably including shorthand. Senior position offering excellent prospects. Please apply in writing stating experience and salary required, to Alexandria Trading Corporation, Ltd., 121 London Wall, London, E.C.2.

CYPRUS. Intelligent stenographer-secretary (either sex) with office experience, including some book-keeping, required mid-Jan. Good (preferably classical) education. Must be young, adaptable, quick, responsible and both willing and fit to work long hours (in a hot climate in return for generous leave). Fare paid. Prospective employer will be in London to interview 1st week Jan. Write giving full partics. & present sal. Box 1929.

SENIOR Shorthand-Typist able to organise small typing team in an expanding travel organisation with offices near Baker Street. Salary on scale £460 to £525. Good French, German or Italian would be an added qualification. Three weeks holiday. Paid overtime. Most Saturday mornings free. Pension scheme. Substantial foreign holiday concessions. Good working conditions. Written applications with typed summary of experience to Box 1884.

MEDICAL Research Council: a vacancy exists for senior medical records secretary. Responsible post, good shorthand-typing necessary, salary according to age & qualifications. Apply in writing to the Director, Radiotherapeutic Research Unit, Hammersmith Hospital, Ducane Road, W.12.

YOUNG and Rubicam, Ltd., Advertising, invites applications from men or women for a senior post in the Research Department. Experience in social research, though not necessarily in market research, is essential. Preference will be given to those with good degrees in Psychology or Social Anthropology. Please write to: The Research Manager, 285 Regent Street, W.1.

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management, 8 Hill Street, W.1. Vacancy for young shorthand-typist as secretary assistant in information department. Good general education and interest in library work essential. 5-day week; staff restaurant. Salary according to age and experience; min. rate at 19, £6 9s. Tel. GRO. 6000, ext. 301.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY/Shorthand Typist required in Trade Union office. Apply, stating age and experience, to Box 1828.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FIRST-class Honours Graduate (w.) Philosophy, Politics, Economics, reqs. part-time work (mornings) from January. Esp. Civil Service, teaching, research. Box 1844.

WOMAN translator, 31, Hons. M.A. French & Spanish, widely-travelled, adaptable, shs. interest., unus. job abroad, pref. Far East. Anything cons. Box 1839.

PERSONAL

GIRL student, Spanish, seeks English home as pair half day housework, babysitting. 'Phone HIL. 7446.

FRENCH family, Savoie, require sensible young lady fond of sports, to look after 3 children (5-8 yrs.) starting February. To live as family. Pocket money. Box 1924.

LARGE river boat nr. Bath. Elderly woman reqs. help/companionship (f). Knowl. boating essen. Apr.-Aug. Privacy welc. & assured. No one very old or young need apply. Refs. Box 1798.

GENTLEMAN, single (Jewish), cultured, artistic, intelligent & responsible type, many interests, would gratefully appreciate suggestions names suitable social clubs catering for over-25 age group. Box 1896.

PLEAS. rm. & board offd. to girl student in Golders Grn. home exch. help hswk. & babysitting. No colour bar. SPE. 2843.

MEMBER Indonesian Embassy (f.) desires live as paying guest with congen. Eng. fam. pref. N.W. area. Refs. exch. Box 1723.

YNG. research stud., B.A., gives tuit. hist., clas. & mod. langs., Engl. HEN. 8408.

WOMAN seeks companion(s) (f) for March tour Middle East/Egypt (£200). Turkey, Sicily or Spain. Box 1953.

PARTNER with spacious flat (no capital) reqd. for cult.-social venture. Box 1940.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

IS it your son or daughter's birthday today? If so, will you help to make it a happier birthday for some less fortunate little boy or girl by sending a donation to the N.S.P.C.C., Room 68, Victory House, Leicester Square, London.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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WANTED, any Linguaphone lang. record crses. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Hopkins. WELbeck 6655 for details.

"W. B. YEATS Week-end"; Jan. 20 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also "House-painting & Repairs" and "Pottery Course."

ENTERTAINMENTS

DUCHESS. TEM. 8243. 7.30. Sat. 5.30, 8.30, Th. 2.30 Tom Arnold pres. J. B. Priestley's comedy "Mr. Kettle & Mrs. Moon." "Rollicking comedy"—Evg. Stand.

TH. Royal, Stratford, E.15. "Big Rock Candy Mountain." 7.45. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30. MARyland 5973.

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"SEE the New Year in at Unity." Adm. 5s. includes rollicking entertainment and ample refreshments. 8 to midnight. Members and friends. EUS. 5391.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Tues.-Sat. 8 p.m. Sun. 7. New West Indian comedy, "Junction Village," prod. by Edric Connor.

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MARIONETTE Th., Highgate. Perfs. ev. Sun., 3 p.m. Reservations ARC. 6595.

MOZART. "The Magic Flute" to be intro. by Christopher West, illus. by members Covent Garden cast. Opera Circle, Sun., Jan. 15, 8 p.m., 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Jan. 1st: "Monsieur Hulot's Holiday" (U). From Jan. 2: Sucksdorff's "The Great Adventure" (U), "Crin Blanc" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat. Dec. 31, Arletty, Jean Louis Barrault, "Les Enfants du Paradis" (A). Dir. Marcel Carné. 1.30, 4.30, 7.30. Open to public.

ROXY Repertory Cinema, BAY. 2345, Jan. 1, Anne Baxter, The Razor's Edge. A.

LEWISHAM Film Society. HIT. 6581. Unitarian Hall, next Cent. Libr. Dec. 31, 7.15. Langdon in "Long Pants." Guests 3s.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1, holds Dances every Thursday and Saturday from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tuesday from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For partics., write Sec. or please call at the Club.

SEE 1956 in with S.C.R. Dancing to Don Raine Young's Quartet. Cabaret, Prizes, Members' Bar, etc. 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 5s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. New Year's Eve Dance, Dec. 31, 8-1. Norman Jackson's Noveltones. Members 10s. and their guests 12s. 6d.

SEE the New Year in at Club Cage d'Or. Dancing 8.30-2.30. Licensed. £1 1s. inc. buffet. (Tickets limited.) 137 Finchley Road, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3.

CONCERTS

HAYDN Orchestra cond. Harry Newstone. Jean Norris (Piano), Geoffrey Gilbert (Flute). Wigmore Hall, Wed. next, 7.30. J. C. Bach, Haydn, Mozart, André Jolivet. Tickets: 3s., 5s., 6s., 9s., from Hall & Chappell's.

TROUT Quintet, Kodaly Duo, Beethoven Piano Trio. Peter Gibbs, Cecil Aronowitz, Joy Hall, Francis Baines, Joyce Rathbone. Conway Hall, Tu. Jan. 3, 7.30. 3s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED new Turnstile print. Matthew Smith. Landscape near Aix. £2 10s. plus tax 14s. 3d. Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. East End Academy, 1955. Paintings, Drawings & Sculpture. Wkdays. 11-6, Sun. 2-6; closed Mon. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings and Drawings by Gremonini. Until January 6.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Ten Years of English Landscape Painting (1945-55) from Jan. 5. Daily 10.30-6. Sats. 10.30-1. Adm. 6d.

TIEPOLO, Gianbattista & Giandomenico. An Exhibition of Drawings & Etchings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till January 20. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. 1s.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent graphic work by G. Braque. Paintings—Charles Higgins (Pic.).

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. New Acquisitions—French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries. Bonnard, Corot, Delacroix, Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, Van Gogh, etc. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CHINESE Journey. Mr. D. N. Pritt, Q.C., and Mrs. Pritt relate their experiences and invite questions. Chairman: Dr. Horace Joules. Wednesday, January 11th, 7.30. Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Tickets obtainable B.C.F.A., 228 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1. 1s. and 2s. 6d. reserved.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30. Sunday, Jan. 1. King's Weigh House Church, Binney Street, W.1. Nr. Bond St. Station. Discourse: Miss L. Hayat Bournan, Sufi.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues., Jan. 3, 8.15. 3rd in series of Revaluation of W. B. Yeats entitled "Something of Great Constancy" by John Wain, chair: G. S. Fraser. Thurs., Jan. 5, 8.15. Illus. lect., "Man in the Moon," by Sir Herbert Read. Members 2s., guests 3s. Membership invtd.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High Street, W.8. Sunday, January 1, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m., H. J. Blackham, "Have we turned the corner?"

MALLAM Aminu Kano, President N.E.P.U., "Socialism in Nigeria," 7.30, Jan. 3. W.S.M., 32 Percy St., W.1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. "Juvenile Delinquency"; Mary Stewart, Wed., Jan. 4, 7.30, College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. Visitors welcome, 2s.

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., Jan. 6, 8.30. Mr. C. A. Burland: "The Folklore of the Three Kings" 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Terrace.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly dicussion in the Library on Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 7.15 p.m. Symposium. E. J. Fairhall, Mrs. T. C. Lindsay, Miss B. M. Smoker, T. Jack. "The Cultivation of a Rational Religious Sentiment." Adm. free. Collection.

"ADVERTISING—Blight or Benefit?" S.E.A. Open Meeting, 2.30-4.30, Thursday, January 5, Chemistry Room C.1, University College, Gower Street. Speakers —Harold Hutchison and Richard Edmonds. Chairman—Ashley Havinden. No tickets, everyone welcome. Enquiries and programme from 37 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1 (VICtoria 2989).

ARCHIBALD Robertson, M.A.: "The New Reformation," Jan. 1, 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request. Chamber Concert, 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m. January 7. Japanese film: "Rashomon."

THE Deprived Child—Donald Ford at Conference of Educational Associations, University College, W.C.1 (Botany Room), Tues., Jan. 3, 2 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent Street, W.1. "New Developments in Industrial Control." A series of five lectures will be held on successive Mondays from 6.30-8 p.m. on January 9, 16, 23, 30, and February 6, 1956, in the Fyvie Hall of The Polytechnic. Speakers: Dr. Mark Abrams, Mr. M. D. Callender, Mr. J. R. M. Simmons, Mr. E. D. Van Rest, Mr. F. H. Perkins. Chairmen: Mr. John Ryan, Mr. Bertram White, The Lord Teviot. Applications to the Registrar, Department of Management Studies, St. Katherine's House, 194 Albany Street, N.W.1. Fee £1 10s.

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